

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

LINUS DARLING.

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All persons sending contributions to THE
PLOUGHMAN for use in its columns must sign
their name, not necessarily for publication, but
as a guarantee of good faith, otherwise they will
be considered as anonymous. All matter
intended for publication should be written on
note paper, with ink, and upon one side.

Correspondence from particular farmers, giving
the results of their experience, is solicited.
Letters should be signed with the writer's real
name, in full, which will be printed or not, as
the writer may wish.

THE PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to ad-
vertisers. Its circulation is large and among the
most active and intelligent portion of the com-
munity.

Rates of Advertising:
12 1-2 cents per line for first insertion.
1-4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

A GRINDSTONE will soften when the
lower part is left soaking in a trough of
water. Either fix the trough to be
raised or lowered at will or have the
water drop from above. Keep the stone
scrapped round, and free from grease.

ONE grower of long experience sums
up strawberry culture in a very few
lines: Set out plants in clean, rich soil,
keep clean, mulch in winter if the
ground heaves; mulch between rows in
spring; pick and sell your berries.

SOME of our readers intend to try
scrapping their apple trees as described
last week, and want to know what tool
is best. Use an old hoe with a piece cut
of the edge so as to make it curve in-
ward, and then ground sharp. There
are patent tree scrapers made, but the
above will answer.

Shingles.

Split shingles are more durable than
sawn shingles, but if clear from sap,
sawn pine shingles will often last
twenty years. Cedar is about four
years less durable than best pine, and
spruce only about half as durable as
best pine. One of the best preserva-
tives is a bath of lime water before
putting on. A bunch of shingles will
lay about two courses on a roof forty
feet wide. To find the total number
of shingles required, exposing five
inches to the weather on each course,
multiply together the length and
width of one side of the roof, reduce the
result to inches and cut off the right
hand or unit figure. The result will
give the number of shingles for both
sides of the roof.

A Wool Mulch.

Wool waste is sometimes used as a
mulch for currants or fruit plantation.
Spread quite thick over the ground; it
will retain moisture and keep down
many of the weeds. Waste contains
four or five per cent of nitrogen and
four or five per cent of potash and a
little phosphoric acid. Nominally, it
might be called worth \$10 to \$15 per
ton but it dissolves so slowly that it is
principally esteemed for mulching.
Currants mulched with wool waste will
thrive fairly well but not so well as
when the ground is kept stirred both
ways with a cultivator. Celery blight
can be prevented by spraying with Bor-
deaux mixture once a week beginning
at the first sign of the disease.

Fertility Sold from the Farm.

A fair estimate of the average value
of nitrogen may be placed at twelve
cents per pound, phosphoric acid, five
cents, potash, four cents. At this ratio
a ton of the following articles of farm
products when sold, would remove in
fertilizing materials the value indicated
for each article:

One Ton	Dollars	One Ton	Dollars
Milk	\$1.54	Cotton Seed Meal	\$20.40
Skim milk	1.75	Cotton Seed	9.69
Butter	.38	Cow Peas	11.60
Cheese	12.20	Meadow Hay	4.88
Whey	.38	Corn	8.47
		Fat Cattle	7.70

One Hundred Hints on Dairying.

BY THE LATE COL. T. D. CURTIS.

PART III.—Continued.

BUTTER MAKING.

54. The sugar in the cream is the
weakest element, and will very soon
turn to lactic-acid. It would be philo-
sophical to suppose that it would be
better to have this change take place in
the cream instead of in the butter; just
as in cheese making it is better to have
it take place in the curd instead of in
the cheese.

55. The temperature for churning
ranges from 55 to 65 degrees, accord-
ing to conditions. But ordinarily the
range is from 58 to 64 degrees—while
60 to 62 are the most common.

56. When the cream is most oily
and limpid, as in June, the lower tem-
peratures are the best; when it contains
more hard fats and is more viscous from
the presence of more albuminous matter,
as in winter, and with cows long in
milk, the higher temperatures are the
best for churning.

57. The more succulent foods make
the more watery milk and oil cream,
which churns easier. Hence, ensilage
and roots are favorable to butter mak-
ing, the oils principally giving butter
its flavor.

58. When cream is thick and rosy,
and will not churn, it is because of the
presence of an excess of albumen,
which is like the white of an egg. This
also prevents the escape of air, gathered
by churning, which is denoted by the
swelling of the cream, which becomes
frothy. Too low a temperature some-
times operates in this way, while a too
high temperature makes the butter too
soft and porous. It is well to raise the
temperature of the cream somewhat
higher than the churning point, and let
it lower to it, as fat is a bad conductor
and does not heat as soon as the fluids
in the cream.

59. In case of trouble about churn-
ing, look first to the temperature. A
higher or a lower one may remove the
trouble. Next, see that the cream is
not too thick. If it is, thin with water
of the churning temperature. Using
skim milk would only be adding more
of the same viscous material. But if
the cream is not viscous, but simply
lacks fluidity, the addition of skim milk
may do. Those who object to the use
of warm water to thin the cream for-
get that milk is 87 per cent water, cream
about 28 per cent, and butter 10
to 15 per cent. They are very few
things in nature that do not contain
water.

60. The form of the churn is of no
consequence, if it thoroughly agitates
every particle of cream, so that none
collects on the sides, ends or in the cor-
ners, and does not get churned. Some
kind of revolving churn, without inter-
nal fixtures is generally preferred by
experienced butter makers.

61. At the first sign of the separation
of the butter from the milk, rinse the
cover and the sides of the churn with
water at the churning temperature. As
soon as grains of butter as large as mus-
tard seed, and not larger than kernels
of wheat, appear, stop the churn, and
reduce the temperature, to fifty-eight
degrees or below, by pouring in cold
spring or ice water. It is better to let
the churn stand fifteen minutes or so
after pouring in the water for the glob-
ules of butter to harden, as fat cools
slowly because it is a poor conductor
of heat.

62. There is sometimes difficulty in
getting the butter to float in a mass on
the top of the butter milk, so that the
latter can be readily drawn off without
carrying the butter with it. A little
brine or a handful or two of salt stirred
into the mass is said to be a remedy.
The milk may be drawn off through a
strainer, or the butter skimmed off from
the top of the butter milk and returned
to the churn—provided the milk is
drawn into a clean vessel.

63. Repeat the pouring in of cold
water to an amount sufficient to float
the butter, gently agitating the mass
and drawing off the water until it runs
clear. If one or more of these wash-
ings is in weak brine it will dissolve the
caseous matter and thus aid in separat-

ing it from the butter. Strong brine
hardens and fixes the caseous matter.

64. After washing, let the butter
stand in the churn, without gathering,
until all the water has drained out that
will, it dropping very slowly or not at
all; then sit on the salt at the rate of
one ounce to the pound, more or less, as
may be demanded by the market for
which it is intended—sitting on a little
at a time and stirring it in, or incorpo-
rating it with the butter by gently rock-
ing the churn to and fro.

65. It is best to use a sieve in salt-
ing for the purpose of keeping out dirt,
pan scales, lumps, etc., which most salt
contains. Use none but the best salt
made for dairy purposes. Salt should
be as carefully kept as flour—in a dry,
sweet and clean place, away from kero-
sene, fish and other rank-smelling ar-
ticles.

66. By salting butter in the granular
form all working is avoided, and the
"grain" is preserved perfectly. If the
right kind of salt is used it dissolves at
once, covering every particle with a
saturated brine. It is only necessary to
press it together in a solid mass either
before or when packing it for market.

67. Beware of salt that does not dis-
solve immediately. It is liable to re-
main undissolved and make the butter
gritty, unless an extra amount of water
is left in the butter, which would be a
fraud.

68. Be sure to use enough salt to
saturate the water remaining in the
butter, even if you have to work out
some of the brine. If you do not the
butter will contain only a weak brine
and will not keep well.

69. If just enough water and no
more is left in the butter to dissolve the
salt, so that no brine is worked out, the
weight of the salt is added to the weight
of the unsalted butter.

70. No "brine salting" method so
called, or other method of salting but-
ter, yet made public, is equal to the
method here described, or as economi-
cal. It is practical and scientific brine-
salting. Butter may be taken out of
the churn and salted in a bowl or on a
table.

T. D. Curtis's one hundred hints on
dairying have for some time been out
of print. Before the author's death, he
gave the writer the privilege of repub-
lishing them, which he intends to do in
book form. But not being at this time
ready to do so, he has concluded to
give them to the public in the above
form. Future issues of this paper will
contain remaining parts, till the entire
one hundred hints have been published.
The hints will be worth a year's sub-
scription to the paper.

F. W. MOSELEY.

Clinton, Iowa.

How About the Grit Supply?

A common and very serious mistake
is to neglect the supply of grit when
fowls are closely confined, or during
the time of year when they cannot get
it for themselves. Hens will never
make best use of their food or thrive
and lay, without plenty of grit. Fine,
cracked stone, the refuse of granite
quarries, can be bought from the supply
stores. Good sharp gravel will answer
if there is plenty of it for the hens to
select from. Pounded crockery is a
good grinding material. Flocks of
twenty-five or thirty fowls which have
not been well supplied with grinding
material will eat a quart or more of
pounded glass or crockery at a meal.
After a poultryman has pounded crock-
ery all one winter he will be likely to
provide gravel enough for the following
winter. Some poultrymen object to
pounded glass, but the writer has never
seen any bad effects from feeding it to
hens. Oyster shells furnish some grit,
but are not hard enough to answer
alone.

GREEN elm wood is about one-half
water; beech, one-fifth; oak, two-fifths.
In burning a cord of average green-
wood, about three-fourths of a ton of
water must be converted into steam to
no purpose. Two cords of dry wood
will do the work of three cords of green
wood. Hence every farmer who burns
three cords of greenwood, throws away
a cord of wood and three dollars for
chopping, hauling and working it up for
the stove.

From College to Farm.

THIS YOUNG MAN PUTS HIS EDUCATION
TO THE TEST. VALLEY MILK FARMING.

A young man educated in a New
England agricultural college and for
some years a teacher and farm manager
at the same institution has recently
located upon a farm in the Connecticut
Valley. He has faith enough in the
value of his ability, knowledge and
experience to believe that he can make
farming pay him better than teaching,
everything considered, and he hopes
and expects to pay for the valuable
farm through the profits of the busi-
ness.

THE BOYS DID THE WORK.

Mr. H— was born and brought up on
a New England farm and knows what
hard work means. He says:

"My father was not ambitious to
make money, but was more of a stu-
dent, and the burden of the farm fell
upon the oldest boys. We worked
very hard and made some money be-
sides supporting the large family.

EARNING A FARM.

"After a while, my brother started
out for himself. He took a farm with
hardly a cent of money of his own,
went in debt for the farm, the stock
and tools, his milk route and every-
thing else. He had our father's credit
behind him, but was given no money.
He worked like a dog, for running a
milk route and keeping up a farm is
hard work. Some men wouldn't be
willing to work so hard. He began
twenty years ago and now has his farm
and outfit nearly free of debt, worth
about \$5000. Doesn't that show farm-
ing pays? It was the result of plain,
hard work and perseverance without
any special advantages.

SIGHS FOR INDEPENDENCE.

"As for me, I thought farming was
too hard work and I worked my way
through the Agricultural College, then
taught a while and for two years held
the position of manager of a college
farm. But these positions were not in-
dependent enough. A manager of a
college farm is responsible to a number
of persons including the trustees, and
his position sometimes became dis-
agreeable from the excessive interest
and interference of so many employers.
I resolved that I could get more satisfac-
tion and profit from a farm of my own.
"I found that although my salary
was tolerably good for a small town
(\$900) that I could not save so much as
my brother could on his own farm. I
resolved to get back to farming for profit
and to buy a farm of my own. So here
I am. I am living on this farm with
the privilege of six months' trial before
purchase.

"That is, you are practically the man-
ager of the farm with a chance to buy it
any time, if it suits you?

"Yes, I want to know just what I
am to get. I had heard much about the
famous soil of the Connecticut valley and
was prejudiced somewhat in favor of
that region."

HIGH COST LAND AND MILK FARMING.

"Did you not find the prices of farms
rather high?"

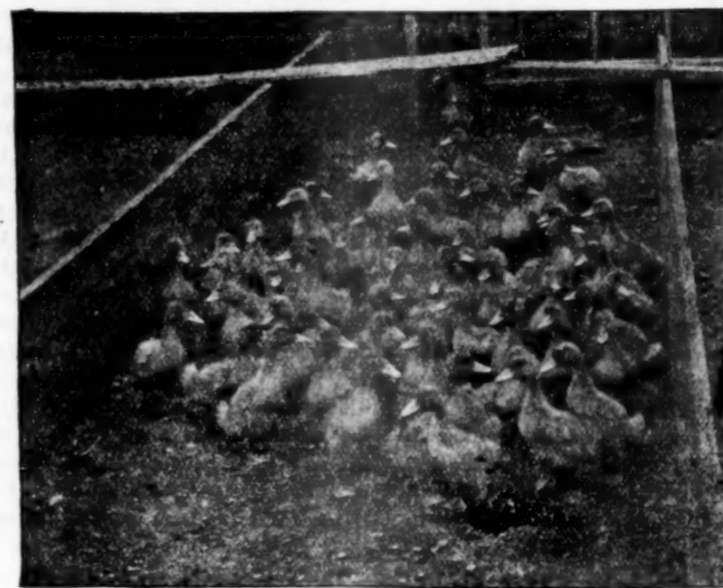
"Yes. Some of them are too high for
any chance of farming them at a profit.
For instance, I was offered a farm with
buildings, ten acres of good valley land
and ten acres of pasture of which six
was sandy and four acres too wet. The
price was \$5000, altogether too high.
Such land is too costly to be used for
producing milk at two cents and a half
per quart in summer and three cents in
winter."

"Is that the wholesale price?"

"It is the price paid by retail milkmen
in Springfield and Hartford. They sell it
for five cents a quart in summer and
six in winter. Some of them Pastorize
it and ask seven or eight cents a quart;
the wholesale price is better for the
farmer than to ship the milk to con-
tractors in large cities, because the milk
is taken at the door. There is no ex-
pense getting it to the station, no charge
for freight and no drawback for sur-
plus."

"But don't these retailers get most
of the profit?"

"They do. Still it is a question
whether a farmer should compete with
them in a large city. In a small city,



NURSERY BROODER YARD
AT WEBER BROS., WENHAM, MASS., SHOWING DUCKLINGS EIGHT-DAYS OLD.
(SEE ARTICLE ON THIRD PAGE.)

the business is all done by farmers, but
in a large city there are professional
milkmen who spend all their time at-
tending to their business, and they make
keen competition. Under such condi-
tions it is hard for a farmer to get and
keep a route. A farmer who chooses
to attend strictly to making the milk
and allows others to do the selling and
to shoulder the bad debts may some-
times do as well as he would by run-
ning retail teams to the city. I'm sure
that milk can be made at a profit at
one and half and three cents a quart,
if the land is not too costly. The farm
must be bought at the lowest possible
figure and closest economy practiced in
the managements. When you pay \$200
or more per acre for land, it must be
carefully farmed."

A Plea for Mixed Farming.

In those sections of our country
where the farms consist of large areas
of land specialties may be the proper
thing, but on the small New England
farms, with their diversity of surface
and of soil, I believe mixed farming
will give the farmer more money for
less labor than any other method.
A farm keeping a dozen cows will keep
a man literally, as Kate Sanborn ex-
presses it, "tied to a cow's tail," if he
does his work himself, while if he keeps
a man his profits will be small, and his
wife will have so much extra labor to
perform, beside the discomfort of an
extra and sometimes undesirable addi-
tion to the family.

Farm wages in New England have
not gone down with the price of farm
products, farmers paying as much for
labor as when straight dairies sold in
the fall for thirty cents a pound. With
half that number of cows and the rest
sheep and young cattle, one man can
tend them all within the limit of a
decent day's work while the returns will
be nearly, if not quite, as much. Be-
sides this many dollars may be derived
from other sources which are usually
neglected on a farm.

Keep fifty hens. They will bring in
\$50 easy enough. Fence in your gar-
den (a good big one), and let your hens
run. Keep a few swarms of bees.
Most farmers' families consider honey
a great treat while enough material
goes to waste every year to make hun-
dreds of pounds, and there is always
a good market if you have more than
you need yourselves. However, don't
stint your family. It is the same with
small fruits. A very little labor will
raise enough for the family and many
dollars' worth besides, and the same
with early vegetables. It works in very
handy to have a few dollars' worth of
truck to take along when you go to
town after mill feed, and you don't
have to pay it all out for hired help.
It is light, pleasant work and the women
folks usually like to help some about it,
and it is much more healthy than swel-
tering over a hot stove to cook food for
hired men. Let the farmer and his wife
go out in the garden and work together.
Make a big flower bed while they are
about it. Raise fruit and eat plenty of
it instead of growing round should-
ered over ironing and cooking table.
(My wife does not iron, God bless

her). Then let them study their
plants and flowers, enjoy their fruits
and divide the profits.

On all the big farms of this section
where some specialty is followed,
usually dairying, the owner is either
mortgaged clear to his ears or else is a
man drawing a big salary from some
other source which he manages to "blow
in" to his farming operations, while the
farmer who raises a little of everything,
and he and his family do the work them-
selves, being decently industrious, (I
don't approve of drudges of either sex
neither do I approve of the man who
farms at the village grocery while his
wife does the chores) is usually free
from debt, with good buildings and a
small but steadily increasing bank ac-
count. He doesn't drink much rum,
smokes no high priced cigars and rarely
takes a trip to Europe but he and his
are cheerful, contented and happy.
What more do they need?

GREEN MOUNTAINEER.

Lunches in Garden Economy.

Dear to the heart of every New Eng-
land boy, still a boy as in memory he
lives over again his years of appren-
ticeship on those hillsides where Nature
so reluctantly yielded her treasures,
was the custom of providing the field
workers with a "ten o'clock lunch."

While the older members of the family
found it very acceptable and recognized
its rejuvenating tendencies, with what
an immense relish did we boys "go for
it" and with what different feelings we
resumed our work. Only a few mo-
ments before we thought we were about
"fagged out," and without it we should
probably have amounted to very little
for the two remaining hours of the fore-
noon. After it we felt like young Jack
rabbits, and the time passed both
quickly and profitably from then till
noon. The bill of fare was not calcu-
lated to be that of a meal of a staying
character, but simply something to
stimulate and revive. Supper, which
in the summer season was at five o'clock,
not much beyond the middle of the
afternoon's work and chores, served a
like purpose. While the blood and the
body actually held in store the necessary
material for a longer effort, gathered
from the supplies taken at the regular
intervals of meal time,—the Johnny
cake, potatoes and pork which rounded
out the tissues and kept up the heat of
the body, the wheat bread, baked beans
and beef or mutton which furnishes the
bone and muscle,—yet how acceptable
to the system at about ten o'clock was
a trifle to stimulate the stomach, some-
thing to tickle the nervous system into
using just then what it really possessed
in abundance but was inclined to re-
serve for emergencies.

Now, what is true in the animal
economy in this respect is, we believe,
also largely true in the vegetable eco-
nomy. Plants, like animals, may receive
the more substantial and less evanescent
portions of their food at the regular in-
tervals of spring or fall, or plowing or
seed sowing, premising of course that
the soil with its storage capacity for
certain plant foods be considered in con-
nection with the plants themselves.
The lime, which though always in
abundance as food for plant, is, in its

caustic shape, the sweetener of those wet
and sour soils containing too much
humic acid, the compactor of soils too
light and open, the granulator of those
excessively compact and heavy and the
assistant of certain beneficial soil bac-
teria may be safely intrusted to the care
of the soil in any reasonable quantity.
So also may be the phosphoric acid,
whose chief office is to give good strong
stalks, straw and stems to our plants,
plenty of seed and grain. The same
may likewise be said of that very im-
portant plant food, potash, important
both because generally from the long
use of stable manure which is deficient
in this element, our soils have likewise
become deficient, and because its pres-
ence in abundance renders our produce
so much more marketable and therefore
profitable. Potash may be compared to
the fatty foods of animals, as it is this
element that gives roundness and
plumpness to our grains, fullness and
high coloring to our fruits, and early
maturity to our garden products, and
the buds and wood of our fruit trees.

As before said all these may be
safely intrusted to the soil's care, and,
as in animal life, it is true economy to
have a reserve force on hand, so here
also an abundance for the largest crop
should be within easy reach of the
plants at all times. Not so, however,
with the more soluble evanescent nitro-
gen—the stimulant, the invigorator,
the rustler, leucophor. Not that this
element also should not be in abun-
dant for the crop's greatest needs,
for nature can no more make vegetables
or grain or fruit with one of the neces-
sary elements short than you could
make good lemonade if you had lemons
by the cars and water by the barrelful.
The soil might contain available phos-
phoric acid and potash sufficient for a
fifty bushel corn crop but if there is no
nitrogen and you only apply enough
for a five bushel crop, nature cannot
possibly give you over a five bushel
crop, nature cannot possibly give you
over a five bushel crop. But available
nitrogen is very soluble and is liable to
be lost if applied in quantity in advance
of the plant's needs, consequently wide-
awake gardeners and farmers have
taken to watching the crop's demands
and supplying this element as growth
advances.

When a crop shows signs of lagging
spirits, when it has become about dis-
courageous searching for plant food, when
although there may be plenty of phos-
phoric acid and potash within easy
reach the plant roots have to travel far
and search diligently for a balanced ra-
tion, then how a luncheon of nitrate of
soda will at once stimulate action, how
the yellow and sickly leaf tints will im-
mediately give place to a dark rich
green so peculiar to health and a vigor-
ous growth. How each plant plainly
says "My how much better I do feel
since that lunch; I was about fagged
out but I can stand it to the finish now
and I tell you fellows we'll roll the old
man up such a crop as he never saw be-
fore."

Have you never tried this plan? If
not try it the coming season. Apply
the mineral fertilizers this fall; the
sooner the better, that they may be-
come thoroughly disseminated through
and incorporated with the soil, but di-
vide the nitrogen and apply as reason
and observation demands. You will
be pleased with results.

CHAS. T. SWEET.

Strawberries.

Nitrate of soda is a valuable fertilizer
for strawberries and raspberries; it
should be supplied with powdered phos-
phate of lime.

This application to strawberries will
sometimes treble the yield. The berries
are larger in size, handsomer in color,
more solid and finer in flavor. Ordina-
ry manure will not produce such re-
sults, as it is not converted into plant
food until after the demand of the fruit.

Nitrate of soda and phosphate of lime
are assimilated by the plant at once and
appropriated at a cost of less than ten
dollars per acre, using four hundred
pounds of the mixture which contains the
three ingredients considered necessary
of use for feeding plants; nitrogen, phos-
phoric acid and an alkali.

ANDREW H. WARD.

A Maine Farmer's Buildings.

T. B. Terry has been down in Maine at the Farmers' Institutes and kept his eyes open, meanwhile, as to the Maine ways of doing things, which he finds somewhat different from those of his own neighborhood. He gives the Practical Farmer the benefit of his observations, and we reproduce them here. They usually have more snow and cold weather in Maine, of course, than comes to us in Ohio and other States in our latitude. And they prepare for this state of things. Quite generally the house and barn buildings are connected together, so one can go from house to barn without stepping out doors. To a Southern man this looks rather odd, but it is undoubtedly a good practice in this locality. Let me describe one set of buildings that I visited and examined particularly. The house was large and commodious, with the dining-room and kitchen in an addition to the rear, the room furthest back from the front being the kitchen. From the rear of the kitchen the barn buildings started at right angles. In other words, the house and barn came together so as to form two sides of a square. From the kitchen one would go into a hall or passageway leading clear through to main barn floor and along front side of barn buildings. From this hall you would go back, first into a large woodshed. There were wide doors on outside so a load of wood could be backed right in. This wood room was full.

Next came the milk and butter room. There was a tank here to set cans of milk in, with spring water flowing in and all the conveniences for making butter. The next space is used for carriages, harness, etc. There was a large room, very large, used for this purpose, and on the side were cupboards to put the harnesses in to keep them out of the dust. There were three fine carriages, all nicely varnished and bright and clean, in here, and plenty of room for as many more if company came. The owner remarked to me that when he went away from home he wanted to drive a good horse and ride in a clean carriage anyway, and he evidently has his wants well supplied. There are wide doors in front of this carriage-room so one can drive in or out handy. The horses can be led in from stable through passageway, all under cover, and hitched up there, and the same when they get home and drive into the room to unhitch. Nothing could be more handy!

Passing along further I found a room or large bin, for sawdust, which is used largely for bedding. The Maine farmer does not have much of any straw. In another convenient place there was a room for storing grain and feed. Nearby was the horse stable. This was all boarded up around, so when the horse was shut they were as snug as though in a small horse barn. The cow stable was the same way, and room for 30 to 40 cows. The cows had just been turned out for the day when I looked the barn over carefully, and the stable floor was not only cleaned, but swept up as carefully as a house floor. The same with the horse stable floor, main barn floor, carriage-room floor, etc.

Opening out of the cow stable, or cow room, which would be a more proper word to use, was a water room. In here were tanks of water, kept filled by a pipe from a spring. There were covers, or lids, shutting down tightly so as to keep the water clean and warm. The cows are tied up in pairs, two in a stall. Two are tied at once and the water-room is opened and a lid raised and they go there and drink by themselves, and return to their places. While they are gone a man cleans the stall they occupied. Then he loosens two more, and so on. There are box stalls in one end of the stable for sick animals, cows with calves, etc. The hay is up above, put up from the barn floor. In a convenient place there was a 100-ton silo. This was full. The barn floor was well filled with sweet corn stalks. A large amount of sweet corn is raised in Maine and sold at the canning factories. I think this man said he calculated to sell about \$500 worth per year from ten acres. The feed, then, was hay, ensilage, sweet corn stalks dry, and purchased ground feed.

Thus far I have been writing about what was on the main floor of barn building, except that the hay was overhead. Under all this space there was a basement. As the barn buildings are on a side hill one can drive into this basement on a level in the rear. At the front the ground comes up about on a level with main floor. Under the horse and cow stables the basement is used as a manure shed. This is an almost universal practice in Maine, while it is practically unknown where I live and through the West. In cleaning the stables they simply open trap doors and put the manure down. If there is a clay bottom that will hold water, or a cement bottom, and sawdust or other absorbent is used sufficiently, the manure will be saved perfectly. The pigs live down here and work over the manure, keeping it leveled down. When they want to draw it out they back up to the basement door and load it in rear of cart. The cellar under the woodshed was filled with wood, an ex-

tra supply, some thirty cords. Under the sawdust bin the space was largely filled with sawdust, drawn in summer. When it is wanted above they take a horse and pull up a quantity, using a pulley and rope, and a large box, I presume. This sawdust is hardly put in basement through hole in barn floor above. I haven't written about every little detail, only the main points.

And just think, all this is under one roof, and without opening an outside door they can live and go on with all their work in winter from one week's end to another. It matters nothing how deep the snow is, or how low the thermometer goes. There must be a lot of real solid comfort in this being fixed for winter. The owner of these buildings is an old man, and he said he had worked all his life getting everything fixed just to his notion. All sets of buildings are not built in just this way, but the majority are something after the same general plan. There is just one weak point, and only one: In case of fire all goes. They seem to dread lightning most. They are so careful that there is not much danger of fire from any other source. The owner of home I have described keeps well insured in a local company at very slight cost. As well as being comfortable in cold weather, there is great saving of steps in going from house to barn the year round. Where everything is clean and nice in the stables as where I was, there is no objection to having them near the house. Many farmers in other cold sections of the country might to advantage copy somewhat after their brethren of the Pine Tree State.

It has been rather a bad season generally for farmers in this State. It was excessively wet most of the time. But the man whose home I have described is certainly making money fast enough; so are many others. He gets just as much for his milk as we do on our Ohio farm. He puts 102 loads of corn in his silo from three acres, which he estimated, after weighing one load, at one ton per load. He is an entirely reliable man. I might explain by saying that a Maine farmer usually covers the little land he plants very heavily with stable "dressing." It is never called manure here, except by foreigners like myself. The result is a tremendous crop oftentimes. And still I think it would be wiser to plow more land and spread the dressing thinner. They expect to seed down the land and keep it in grass ten or fifteen years, perhaps. By that time they may get the manure back, but I should not want to be out of the use of it so long. I haven't mentioned my good friend's name because I want to report some things that he might not like. Before turning the cows out of the stable to the pasture, the weather being fine so they could go out, the owner himself went all through the stable with a switch, and got the cows up and made them stand around one way and another. Quite a hubbub was raised. Now I don't believe the large farmers in the West can possibly guess what this was for. And they probably will have a big laugh over it when they find out.

It was a regular proceeding, and the object was to make the cows leave the "dressing" they were apt to void soon after rising, or moving in the stable, where it could be all saved. Friends, our cows at home are not thus managed, and quite a little manure is partly wasted in the yard through which they go out to pasture. This Maine farmer looks out mainly for the pennies. He sells wood and the culls were stored in his wood-house. There were cords of small round sticks, smaller than any farmer where I live would think of saving. Any little bits of manure that the cows tracked from the stalls were carefully swept back and down into the cellar. I noticed all these little matters, and do not need to be told that this man is making and laying up money freely. I should plough oftener, raise more clover and spread the manure over more acres. I could find no other fault with the management of this farm. And there were so many little points in which they were even more thorough and particular than we are, that really I ought not to say a word against their management.

The Application of Manures.

Wherever experiments have been carefully made the results have been to show that the value of manure to a plant is in reverse proportion to the depth at which it has been placed in the earth. The nearer the surface the more effective the manure is. This arises from the fact that the feeding roots of a plant are nearly always at the surface. Manure has to be acted upon by the gases of the atmosphere before the plant can develop any benefit from it, and the roots seem to understand this, and come near the surface where the atmospheric air can operate on the food they have to collect. While this is an abstract principle, the best system of applying manure is by top-dressing. There is the counter trouble of evaporation, and some of the most desirable gases are lost by the top-dressing system. On the whole, therefore, it has been found that the most judicious method of applying manure is to spread

it on the surface and then rake it in.—Meehan's Monthly.

The Culture of Cauliflowers.

EXPERIENCE IN SOUTHWEST NEW YORK.

One of the vegetables which some people are willing to pay a fancy price for is the cauliflower. There is a good profit in growing them if the conditions are all right, but with the culture that is often given them by market gardeners, they are not a reliable crop.

In growing cauliflowers for market, the first thing to be considered is, are you near a good market for such luxuries? They are not a staple product, like the necessities; of life you must find wealthy or well-to-do people who want them, and are able to buy them. In most large villages there are sufficient people who want them to make a market for a few thousand heads. In some seasons, and at some times in the year there is a good profit in growing them to ship to commission dealers in the cities, but the most money is made by retailing them in villages, where there is no competition.

It is not best to economize too much in purchasing seeds. The higher priced strains of white cauliflowers where the type has become established by careful selection for several years, are more reliable in heading, and the whiter the heads, the better they will sell in the markets, I have found. The large pure white curds, with the leaves trimmed nicely around them, attract the eye, and people buy them because they "look nice." The Early Snowball is the standard with many people, and probably more extensively grown than any other variety, and is usually very satisfactory, and I am using it for both early and late cauliflowers.

The first sowing of seed is in a hot-bed in March; a little later I sow more seeds in a cold frame, and sow at different times in the open ground from the first of May to the first of June. My plan is to have only a small part of my crop mature at one time, for the leaves will soon grow through the heads if they are not marketed at the right time.

In sowing in the open ground, I usually give the seed bed a good dressing of ashes and poultry manure, or some concentrated commercial fertilizer, also salt or lime to prevent club-root in the plants. The whole is spaded in and the surface raked down fine. The seed is sown in shallow drills about eight inches apart, treaded in with the feet when the ground is dry; and about half an inch of soil drawn over them with the back of the garden rake. Water the bed during dry weather, and in about one month the plants will be ready to transplant. A deep moist clay loam is best adapted to cauliflowers, although good crops may be grown on any good garden soil. I cover the ground two or three inches deep with stable manure and plow it in. Then harrow and furrow two and one-half inches apart. If I have well-rotted manure, I fill the furrow with it and mix it with the soil with a cultivator, or if the manure is not at hand I set the plants and in a few days put about an ounce of nitrate of soda around them. They must have plenty of nitrogen in some available form. It is of no use to try to grow large marketable heads without plenty of plant food.

The plants are transplanted at different dates in May or June. Cauliflower plants should not be set too early from the hot-bed unless they are well hardened, because they are more easily injured by frost than cabbages. Most of the cultivating is done with a wheel hoe and horse cultivator. To insure success in dry seasons, one must have some means of irrigating them. If by reason of drouth they stop growing they are liable to be attacked by club-root worms, and all the parasites of the cabbage family.

The greater part of the cauliflowers are sold in September and October, when there is a demand for them for pickling.

This year I was successful in growing cauliflowers in my new strawberry bed, with but little injury to the plants. I set the strawberries in the spring 3-12 feet apart, then I ran the cultivator between the rows, pulverizing the soil very fine, at the same time mixing the manure well with the soil; then opening a furrow three or four inches deep half way between the rows of strawberry plants, I set the cauliflower plants in it. In the mellow soil the plants could be set very easily, and with plenty of water at hand to irrigate them when in need of it, they grew very rapidly; when the heads were nearly formed, the outside leaves were removed, which with my cabbage and celery trimmings I fed to my horse and poultry. The runners were kept cut on the strawberries until in July, and then they were trained in narrow rows for a few weeks longer.

Cauliflowers grow more upright than cabbages, and when the outside leaves are removed there is plenty of room for the strawberry plants. The early cauliflowers are marketed in August and September, and out of the way of strawberries. The late cauliflowers are not

much in the way of the strawberries, for the runners will set plants very close to them.

If the soil is not made very rich, and irrigated in times of drouth, I do not think this plan will be a success. So many plants growing so close together require large quantities of plant food in the form of nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid and water. About 90 per cent. of most vegetables is water, and you must supply the right proportion of hydrogen and oxygen, i. e., water, in order to enable the plants to absorb the other elements, so in a soil supplied with all the other elements of plant-food it is only a question of water.

Cauliflowers will not stand as hard freezing as cabbages, and if the late ones are not all sold before the hard freezes, they may be taken up and planted in a cold frame or in moist earth in a light cellar, where they may be preserved for several weeks. My cauliflowers are mostly sold from the market wagon with my other truck. The retail price is eight to twenty cents, according to quality and the condition of the market. Sometimes when I have a surplus which must be disposed of, I ship them to a commission dealer in the city. About 10,000 may be grown on an acre, and if they are well grown and marketed, one ought to realize from \$800 to \$1000 from it; but of course all depends on the culture that is given them and the market.—W. H. Jenkins in the Country Gentleman.

Planning an Ice House.

The proper requirements of an ice house are first, a dry foundation perfectly sealed against entrance of air; second, an air-tight, non-conducting wall around the ice of such a character that any damp that might exist or happen in the wall may be evaporated from the outside and this tend, by the influence of evaporation, to cool the wall; third, a well ventilated cover or roof, through which a current of air may pass by which moisture gathering in the covering over the body of the ice may be evaporated, with the result of keeping the covering dry and cool; fourth, a solid body of ice packed so that all blocks, closely fitting, or having the spaces between them filled with small ice or the powdered fragments made in the filling swept into the crevices, make a single solid block of ice.

These requisites are best secured by a wooden house, with double walls filled in between with any dry, porous substance, so as to secure as many minute air spaces as possible. Dry sawdust answers this purpose better than anything else. Dry tan-bark comes next; fine charcoal next, and after these dry forest leaves closely pressed down will serve the purpose. The house should be placed on elevated, dry ground, exposed to the wind and air and having no shade. It should have a tight roof, with gables open to the air, so that a free current of air may pass through and over the covering of the ice, keeping this covering dry and perfectly sustaining its porosity, which would be destroyed if the covering should be wet and soggy. Inside the floor should be sealed against the entrance of air with the greatest care. This is the weakest part of an ice-house, and is to be looked after particularly. A cemented floor is the best. There should be a good drainage on the floor by making several small channels, all conveying to one corner, where a perfect air-trap made like an S laid on its side is placed, in which water will always stay, thus preserving the bottom from access of air which would otherwise enter and soon cut a way through the ice.

If these requisites are secured, no inside packing is needed; the ice may be packed close to the inner wall. Another safeguard is to have the ice cut in blocks so that the joints are broken, as for instance, 16 by 24 or 12 by 18, three feet lengthwise crossing two thus effectually preventing circulation of air through the mass. To illustrate the advantage and effect of this, it may be mentioned that ice cut in this way has been packed out of doors in a pile and merely covered by a heap of refuse tan-bark and simply enclosed in a rough boarded enclosure and it kept perfectly well all the summer.

If these necessary conditions are secured, any sort of shelter above ground in an airy location will keep ice, but an underground storage will fail, because the conditions required cannot be secured.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

For early lambs there should be immediate preparations made by coupling the ewes. But it is not always the early lamb that is the best. The March or April lamb may easily surpass the one born in January, unless cared for in the best manner, and this is a costly thing to do, as warm buildings and shelter and expensive hand feeding are needed to keep the ewes in good milking condition. This will not do for the ordinary stock.

In the South where the ewes may bring their lambs

safely in mid-winter, even in open fields.—Rural World.

In the discussion in regard to silos at a recent meeting in the West, the point was brought out that the silos should be put as near as possible to the feeding mangers, as feeding must be done twice a day, and a few steps each time mounts up at the end of the year. A distance of twenty feet, allowing only one trip at each feeding time, would in a season amount to over two miles. If you are thinking of building a silo go over to your neighbor's and look at the immense bulk and weight of silage, and reflect that twenty feet means, if you live two miles from him, that this must be carried as far as from your place to his every year, which is entirely too much extra work.

At the meeting of the Indiana State Dairy Association, these points were well made in regard to the milk business.

A point well gained in selling milk in a town or city is a reputation for furnishing good milk. Such a reputation will draw trade from unexpected sources, and the milkman realize better prices and secure a better class of customers.

If a milkman is known to furnish an extra quality of pure milk he will be recommended by his trade to the patronage of others.

Physicians will advise those of their patients who are in need of pure milk to get their supply of the dairy having a reputation of supplying their trade with healthy milk.

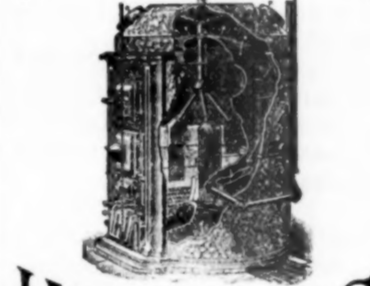
Honest, faithful effort in the milk business, as in everything else, will pay best.

That Bull Calf.

If you have been so fortunate as to invest some of the proceeds of dollar wheat in a bull calf take my advice and put a ring in his nose now. You will never have one-half the trouble in handling him if he is ringed now. If you wait until he is grown he will never get thoroughly used to the ring, and will always be in a mood to dispute his being controlled by the ring. But if he is ringed when a calf when he is grown it will have become second nature to him to realize that the ring is his

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Easiest to regulate, require smallest amount of personal attention, and give perfect satisfaction. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS. Describe Catalogue Free. Magee Furnace Co., 32 & 34 Union St., Boston.

WANTED

Milk Route with a good established trade. I have several calls for one. J. A. WILLEY, 178 Devonshire Street.

master. My father was one day leading a bull by the stall when the snap slipped off.

The bull heard the click it made, and stopped short, for he always associated such a click with a snap being fastened in his ring, and then he knew his liberty was over for the time being. And the instant that he stopped my father caught the ring in his hand and fastened it again to the staff. Now if this bull had not been trained to know that as soon as he felt the ring in his nose his liberty was curtailed there might have been an entirely different termination. You cannot get your bull trained too soon to know that as soon as he feels the ring in his nose he is being controlled.—National Stockman.

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills

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Pianos

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THE TIME-HONORED LEADERS IN MUSICAL QUALITY, ARTISTIC DESIGN, AND UNQUESTIONED DURABILITY ARE THE CELEBRATED

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SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES OF Grand and Upright Pianos.

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HEAVY TIMBER WORK, MASCOTTE TUNNEL.

The accompanying half tone, showing heavy timber work of the tunnel of the Massachusetts Gold Mining Company at Alma, Colorado, was taken by flash-light, and shows the excellent workmanship and substantial manner in which everything is done in this property. The railroad iron in the bottom is heavy enough to carry an electric motor with its train of ore cars. Underneath this, not visible in the picture, is a drain large enough to carry 2,000 gallons of water per minute, sufficient to drain the mines of the mountain on its course.

For large profits and safe investments, write us, as all the stocks and properties we handle are as represented.

The Kendrick Promotion Company,

\$50,000 paid-in,

W. F. KENDRICK, Pres't No. 506-508 Mining Exchange,

Write for our weekly market letter.

Farms for Sale.

12 ACRES smooth, level land. 1/4 miles from station, stores, churches and public library. Borders river; 700 feet frontage on main street, 17 miles from Boston. No buildings; good for poultry or green house, price \$750.

Farms and Country Homes on the South Shore in Weymouth, Cohasset, Scituate, Duxbury and Marshfield, from half an acre to 200 acres, and from \$1000 upwards. The quality of the home, the location and the convenience to Boston, makes this section one of the most desirable for poultry and vegetable raising, as well as for summer homes. For list of places and prices, address

J. A. Willey, 178 Devonshire St., Boston.

Some New Hampshire Farm Bargains particulars of which can be had on application at this office or of E. H. Corbett, Warner, N.H.

Steel Wheels

Staggered Oval Spokes. CHEAPEST AND BEST

FULLY EQUIPPED Milk Route of 40 cows, desired.

Apple Orchard. Wanted a snug place, with young trees preferred.

FOR SALE.

PATENTS

LEGAL NOTICES.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—two copies of said deceased have been presented to said Court for probate, by Arthur L. Burdakin, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, without requiring security on his bond, or some other suitable person, the executor named in said will having declared to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A.D. 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN, a newspaper published in Boston, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Mary E. Dalton, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of December, A.D. 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN, a newspaper published in Boston, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.



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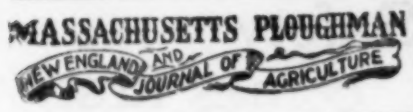
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BOSTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

FRET not; tire not.

Try to break nature to harness and hold the reins well in hand.

LITTLE outgoes spoil large incomes and small losses waste big profits.

Loss interest in the farm and you are likely soon to owe interest on a mortgage.

POVERTY is sometimes good capital, and the man who has more to start with, often ends with less.

THE great cotton crop of the United States is more than all the gold product of the world. American farms are the best Klondike.

PROFESSOR MAYNARD'S peach article last week was worth a year's subscription to anyone who likes home-raised peaches. Any farmer who will get healthy trees and protect them in winter, can at least have a home supply of this choicest of orchard fruits.

It is a mistake to agitate the beet sugar industry in New England. Our farmers would better leave that crop to sections with cheaper lands and drier, milder autumn climates. There are other crops enough that pay as well, and local markets for them the best in the world.

THE competition of the South is pulling hard upon New England cotton mills. Perhaps in the course of years the industry may be unable to live at all in New England. But long before that time some other branch of enterprise will take its place. Yankee gumption is not so easily put out.

SIBERIA is not likely to become a very serious competitor of the United States according to the statement of Prince Krapotkin, for the reason that the rich mines recently discovered will employ a large mining population which will consume the surplus grain product of the country.

BOSTON is no doubt the best market in the country for high grade poultry products. Our people have been trained to prefer good poultry and fancy eggs and will pay extra prices for them. In fact, the market is so particular that what is fancy stuff in other places is only ordinary here. Those who wonder why they do not get the best prices should come and inspect some of the best stuff in a high grade commission house.

SOME years ago a young man of a suburban town near Boston attached a sail to a lawn mower and clipped his lawn by hand power. But here is something later. A lawn mower which is driven by a gasoline engine has been made and used by a New York man. The operator sits on top and steers, while the machine cuts a swath almost equal to that of a mowing machine. The advantage over a horse-power mower is that the soft turf is not trampled upon and torn by the hoofs of the horses. Possibly the idea will be applied to farm mowing machines.

THEY have some smart farmers at the Wisconsin experiment station. Last year farm products were sold to the value of \$9575, which is far ahead of any other station in this respect except Pennsylvania, which sold over \$10,000 worth. Of course, the value of a station is not measured by the amount of money it makes at farming, but the existence of an income like the above tends to show that the managers are at least very practical men and competent to teach farming as a business.

GREAT BRITAIN imports over \$20,000,000 worth of eggs. The United States ought to supply two-thirds of these, but the amount actually supplied by this country is worth only about one hundred thousand dollars. The average price received is about eighteen cents per dozen. It is claimed that eggs can be bought at from five to eight cents per dozen in the West and sent to England for three cents per dozen. If so, here is a chance for somebody.

GREAT things are promised from the discovery of the English scientist, Gaston, of a new method of crossing grasses, grains and clovers by which new and surprising species are claimed to have been produced. The cross between barley and oats for instance, it is said, results in a new and peculiar grain of permanent type, while comparatively useless plants are, by judicious crossing, made to produce valuable food substances. Probably the value of the discoveries has been overestimated by the enthusiasts who are bringing them forward. As a general rule, hybrids are more remarkable as curiosities than valuable as staple crops.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

CURRENT TOPICS.

This country is a much larger producer of precious metals than is realized by the ordinary individual and the output is rapidly increasing. The gold resources of Colorado have been largely developed the last few years, the output increasing from \$8,000,000 in 1893 to \$22,000,000 in 1897, a gain of nearly 300 per cent. Although California has heretofore been considered the first in the gold-producing states, this year it will stand second, its output being from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 less than that of Colorado. The value of the silver production of Colorado is about the same as in 1896, amounting to \$12,300,000, while the lead yield will be about \$3,000,000, copper, \$1,500,000 and iron \$3,000,000, making the entire value of Colorado's mineral production for 1897, \$52,700,000. Montana, also, is a large metal producer and its output is continually increasing, the value in 1896 being \$50,732,000.

Whatever may be the general opinion of football as a sport, in view of the criticism it has received of late, there was no doubt at all of the great interest taken in the game between the Harvard and Yale teams last Saturday, the first time they have played together since the great game at Springfield in 1894. The interest was all the more intense as the result was much in doubt, for while Harvard's team included more experienced men of longer training, the Yale men had all the fire and enthusiasm of youth and were in perfect physical condition. Tickets for the game were in great demand, prices paid for them running up in some cases to \$25, while others, more fortunate, secured them for their face value. The grandstands accommodated 24,000 people, every seat being taken, and if there had been accommodation for them, many more would have been present. A large number came from Yale, and the Harvard crimson and the Yale blue were liberally displayed, giving the scene a touch of brilliancy under the gray November sky. The result of the game was a surprise to every one, for notwithstanding the strong play by both teams, made possible only by weeks of training and practice, neither side scored and it was a draw game, although several times it appeared as if a point would be made. The game throughout was free from the objectionable features which sometimes mar the record of such games, and was played in a perfectly fair and clean manner which cannot fail to have a good influence upon such sport.

All movements of a general character to transport the Jews to Palestine and there build up again the Jewish nation have proved a failure, and have not met with the approval of the great body of the Jews scattered over the world. They feel that it could end only in disaster, especially as the Jews, by their long residence and affiliation with other nations, have become so widely separated in modes of thought and ways of living as to have lost much of that coherence which has always been an especial Jewish characteristic. Then, too, Palestine is an agricultural country and the Jews have for generations been traders, rather than farmers in the countries where they have made their homes, and they have neither the training nor the ability to make their living from the soil, especially as the land has lost much of that fertility for which it was once famous. And yet, although the schemes for a general settlement of Palestine by the Jews have failed, their persecutions and ill-treatment in some countries have led them to find a residence elsewhere and their thoughts very naturally turned to the land of their fathers, and this has led to the establishment of many Jewish colonies throughout Palestine. Harper's Weekly speaks very interestingly of these Jewish colonies in a recent issue. It says:—

"When the persecutions of the Jews became severe in Roumania, in 1879, they naturally turned to the Holy Land, and in the following year two agricultural villages, Zichron-Jacob and Rosh-Pinah, were established. These colonies suffered many privations and hardships at first, for few of them knew anything about agriculture, as they had been merchants and mechanics in their former home; but gradually they adapted themselves to the new life, and at present these villages are most prosperous. There are a thousand persons living on the five thousand acres of land belonging to Zichron-Jacob. The chief products are wine, sesame and barley, fruits, honey, and silk. The latest improvements in agricultural methods have been adopted. The village has bought and uses in common a steam-plough and steam-mill. It has its own water-works; the streets of the town are paved; it has a nursery for raising young plants, and large cellars for the storage of wine. Near it, and almost a part of the larger settlement, is Tantura, where thirty families live, supporting themselves chiefly by laboring in a large glass factory, but also cultivating the soil to some extent. The four hundred colonists of Rosh-Pinah cultivate over sixteen hundred acres of land. Besides the universal vine and mulberry tree, they pay special attention to acacia-trees, the blossoms of which are used in the large perfumery factory here. Here, too, is the centre of silk manufacture, the silk worms from the other colonies being brought to the steam-mill of Rosh-Pinah for spinning and weaving. Doubtless colonization in Palestine

would have advanced very slowly had it not been for anti-Semitic persecutions. The year 1891 saw Russia in the throes of Jewish oppression, and some of the exiles turned hopefully towards Palestine. The abandoned land of Pethach-Thikvah was occupied, and a new colony, Rishon L'Zion, founded in 1882. Both of these colonies are now thriving, making more than half a million gallons of wine every year, besides having thirty thousand mulberry trees for the silk worms, and thousands of trees bearing figs, apples, pomegranates, almonds, and oranges.

Organizations are now started in Russia itself to aid in opening more settlements. A society of the students of the universities of Odessa, Moscow, St. Petersburg and Harlow was formed, which resulted, in 1884, in the colony Gadarah, or Katra, where some hundred students cultivate the vine and fruits and manufacture cognac. It has become an intellectual centre, producing more than one valuable contribution to letters and science, written in classical Hebrew. An international Russian society was also formed, Ohev Zion (Friends of Zion) whose chief purpose is the support of the Palestinian colonies.

Hardly a year passes without the foundation of one or more colonies, until now there are twenty-three of these agricultural settlements. There are about six thousand colonists, who have a hundred thousand acres of land under cultivation. While the chief products are wine, silk and fruits, each colony has some speciality. Jessud Hama'alab, for instance, cultivates roses for the manufacture of perfumery; Meron has 24,000 olive-trees; another devotes special attention to cattle raising, and those colonies east of the river Jordan raise large quantities of wheat."

Vegetables in History.

An epicure will feast on a dish of asparagus and perhaps think meanly of the fact that he is enjoying a delicacy which is strictly a product of the present century, but history shows us that the plant was grown in all its perfection 2000 years before the birth of Christ. According to Herodotus, lettuce was in use even earlier than asparagus, for it was cultivated as early as 550 B. C. Not only was it grown, but it was so grown as to be had at all times of the year, and blanched to make it white and tender.

The cucumber is one of the vegetables named in early Bible history, though some claim that melons were really meant. Both the cucumber and melon are named, not only in different places, but the Israelites complained of the lack of "the cucumbers and the melons" when they were with Moses in the wilderness. As to the melon, the date of its first cultivation is lost in antiquity, but Pliny records its use, and as he died in A. D. 79, it probably is as old as the cucumber.

Beets are on record as a highly prized vegetable over 2000 years ago, and received much notice from early writers on such subjects.

Carrots seem to have come to us from a time that is immemorial, while history proves that turnips were in use as a garden vegetable before the Christian era.

No one seems to have been able to trace the origin of either the pumpkin or the squash, but we read that pumpkin pies were made over three hundred years ago after this recipe: Cut a hole in the side, take out the seeds and filaments, stuff with a mixture of apples and spices and then bake till done.

A book was written on "The Radish" before the Christian era. The ancient Greeks used to offer turnips, beets and radishes in their obligations to Apollo. The first they offered in dishes of lead, the second in silver, but the third was offered in "vessels of beaten gold."

Paraspe we find mentioned by Pliny as being brought to Rome from the banks of the Rhine at the command of the Emperor Tiberius, for use on his table.

Beans have a history both long and curious. Pliny says of them: "The pod is to be beaten with the seed," evidently speaking of what we know as "string beans." The Egyptians used the bean as a common article of food till their religious ideas concerning it caused them to desert. They believed the bean to be created of the same elements as man, and, like man, possessed of a soul which was subject to the laws of transmigration. The Egyptian priests were not allowed either to eat or look at the bean, a fact which Aristotle explains by saying that the bean was used as a common means of voting, and the prohibition was laid upon the priests to prevent them from in any way meddling with the political affairs of the day. The Roman priests also had their superstitions concerning this vegetable, believing that the blossoms were marked with infernal letters, referring to the dark spots on the wing of the blossoms.

Herodotus writes that in his time (450 B. C.) there was on the great pyramid an inscription telling of the sixteen thousand talents which had been expended for onion, leeks and garlic with which to feed the builders of the pyramid. One may also find the Israelites complaining of the loss of these vegetables, as well as their "cucumbers and melons," when in the wilderness.—Chicago News.

Literary Notes.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Experiment Station has just been issued from the press. It contains 224 pages upon agricultural topics, including articles upon fertilizers, pig feeding, diseases of potatoes, apples, oats and onions (with remedies), weeds, insects, plow, seed, germination, fruit preservation, feeding trials with cows, butter making, etc. Each article is carefully summarized, so that the gist of the volume is held down into small compass for the busy reader. The report will be sent without charge to any Vermont address upon application. Back issues will likewise be furnished and names placed upon the Vermont mailing list for future publications upon request. A postal card addressed to the Experiment Station, Burlington, Vermont, stating desires, is sufficient.

The special features of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November are "With the Greek Soldiers," by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated from photographs taken by the author; "A Pair of Patient Lovers," by William Dean Howells, illustrated by Albert E. Steiner; "The City to the North of Town," by James Barnes, illustrated from drawings by C. D. Weldon, Charles Broughton, Harry Fenn, and Victor Perard; "The New Japan," by Tora Hoshi, the Japanese Minister to the United States; "In Memoriam—Olivia Susan Clemens," a poem, by S. L. C. (Mark Twain); "The Century's Progress in Biology," by Henry Smith Williams, M. D., illustrated from drawings by Francis Day and J. W. Fenn; "The Pardon of Sainte-Anne D'Auray in Brittany," by George Wharton Edwards, illustrated by the author.

THE HAPPY SEX by Penn Shirley author of "Little Miss Weezy Series," "Young Master Kirtle," "The Merry Five," etc. Cloth, illustrated. In this third volume of "The Merry Five Gate Series," "The Merry Five," by the addition of another and younger member to the club, have become "The Happy Sex," and well they deserve the title.

The children are now given a chance to see a little more of the world, and the description of their trip from the Pacific shores to New York, and then across the ocean to France, and their travels therein, with its many funny incidents, will certainly interest and delight all who read the book.

"Penn Shirley is a very graceful interpreter of child-life. She thoroughly understands how to reach out to the tender chord of the little one's feelings, and to interest her in the noble life of her young companions. Her stories are full of bright lessons, but they do not take on the character of moralizing sermons. Her own observation and ready sympathy teach her how to deal with the little ones in helping them to understand the lessons of life. Her stories are simple and unaffected." Price 75 cents. Lee & Shepard, Publ.

The November number of THE CENTURY begins a new volume of that magazine. A new serial novel of New York life, "Good Americans," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is begun, and will run for half a year. It deals with contemporary social types and tendencies. The first part of a serial poem by James Whitcomb Riley is printed, accompanied by illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Mr. Riley calls the poem "Rubbish of Doc Sifers," and it is in the form of a characteristic view of a quaint and lovable village doctor, giving anecdotes and descriptions of the doctor's ways and doings from the point of view of an old fellow-townsmen. Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately United States Minister at Constantinople, contributes an "Interview with the Sultan," in which he reports verbatim the Sultan's views on the Armenian question, etc. The words of the Sultan are given by authority on account of his desire that his views should be made known to the American people. The Swedish journalist, Jonas Stalling, describes, as an eye-witness, "Andrew's Flight into the Unknown," and accompanying the article are a number of pictures from photographs of the balloon and its departure. "The Romance of a Mule-Car" is a characteristic story by Frank R. Stockton. A poem by Bret Harte and a letter from Mark Twain are other features of the number.

AN OREGON BOYHOOD, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, author of "Common Folks' Religion," "White Slaves," etc., cloth illustrated. Dr. Banks takes his readers into an entirely new world in "AN OREGON BOYHOOD," in which he gives the present generation a description of the scenes and adventures of boyhood and youth in that far Western country. The youth of the present day who knows that the journey to Oregon is only a six days' ride in a palace car can hardly realize that the author's father crossed the country in 1832 in a "prairie schooner" drawn by oxen, and consumed six months in the journey from Arkansas to the banks of the Willamette, where he settled. The descriptions of the occupations of a growing boy in a new country are fresh and vivid. Commanded by a pioneer in a log cabin, the author "grows up with the country." The hunting and fishing instinct is early developed, and many exciting adventures which could take place only in such a country are recorded. School life, mountain climbing, winter sports and occupations, life in the mining camps in the early days of gold mining, early salmon-fishing, are among the subjects described, which make this an interesting book for old and young. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Publ.

THE PILGRIMS, PURITANS AND ROGER WILLIAMS VINDICATED, by Rev. T. M. Merriam, was written after a long and careful study of early New England history, and takes a somewhat new view of the relations between the Pilgrims, Puritans and Roger Williams, the apostle and defender of "soul liberty." He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1693, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be banished from the colony, was a man of great religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which his whole life work deserves. He goes further, and shows that the Puritans, who tried, condemned and banished him for holding and disseminating these doctrines, afterwards finding their theological position untenable, finally accepted into their constitution the doctrine of religious liberty for which Roger Williams had so courageously and conscientiously contended. For this reason, and also because the banishment took place after the first charter granted the colony had been taken away from them, Mr. Merriam believes that the sentence of banishment pronounced against Roger Williams should be revoked, and justice done him in the future. The book is a labor of love on the part of the author, born of firm convictions, careful study and painstaking research, and may well be looked upon by him as the crowning work of a long and useful life. (Arena Pub. Co.)

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Winter St., Boston.
Men's Under Wear
Wright's Fleecy Lined Health Underwear.
Both Shirts and Drawers have double cuffs with seams finished throughout. They are Wright's regular Dollar Garments, but have slight imperfections and we shall sell them at

59c.

Men's Gray Merino Half Hose, ordinarily sold at 20c., are to be unloaded at

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Ladies' Under Wear
Oneita Combination Suits, of pure Australian wool, silk trimmed and seams all finished. They are the "Oneita's" regular Two Dollar Suits, but being the run of the mill we cannot sell them as absolutely perfect and the price is to be

98c.

Ladies' Fleecy Lined Black Hose, very heavy, double sole, high spliced heel, worth 38c., all sizes at

25c

THE WORLD OVER.

—Western trade is reported good.

—Lowell is to have a new shoe factory.

—Valkyrie III. is to sail in the Riviera regatta.

—Gladstone is said to be breaking down.

—Chill has borrowed \$1,500,000 in London.

—Ex-Secretary Carlisle will practice law in New York.

—A "baronet's trade union" is being formed in England.

—Norwegians are planning a trip to the Klondike on skis.

—Java coffee has dropped 9 1-2 cents at Amsterdam.

—Artesian well irrigation is a success in New South Wales.

—The English engineers' strike ends in a failure by the strikers.

—An electric locomotive has been successfully tried in France.

—The Maddakels of Afghanistan have submitted to the British.

—A movement is on foot for a national memorial to Henry George.

—Statistics show that England is falling behind in the industrial race.

—British troops have been sent to the west coast of Africa to stop raids.

—Strange explosions in the Ottawa River have recently been caused by sawdust gases.

—Captain Bernier of Quebec is to start on a polar expedition in March from Siberia.

—British forces have defeated the tribesmen in the Maiden Valley, Afghanistan.

—Dr. Thomas W. Evans, a millionaire dentist and friend of Napoleon, recently died in Paris.

—The suggestion is made that Hawaii remain a territory, after annexation, for thirty years.

—The steel works at Philadelphia are rushed with orders for big guns for the Government.

—German warships have destroyed a village in New Guinea in revenge for the murder of a German trader.

—An international conference is being held between Austria, France and Germany on the abolition of sugar bounties.

—Russia has called upon Turkey to pay \$6,500,000 indemnity if the latter nation's war equipments are to be increased.

—The Toronto Globe says that Laurier rejected Chamberlain's proposal of free trade with England and for that reason there will be no preferential treaty.

—A giant syndicate has agreed to land a million colonists in Mexico in twenty-five years, and to assume large share of public debt in return for certain concessions.

—The famous Louis XV. drawing room suite, composed of a sofa and six arm-chairs, with old Beauvais tapestry, has been sold in Paris to a London dealer for \$70,000.

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Read and Run.

—Discriminating duties on Mexican shipping will be suspended.

—Our trade is affected in many ways by Norway's new tariff.

—The American Bible Society is in desperate financial straits.

—The President is being urged to send a medical commission to Cuba.

—Germany is asked to place a prohibitive tariff on American bicycles.

—The report on the cotton yield shows an average of 181.9 pounds per acre.

—The American Glucose Company is said to be making \$2,600,000 yearly.

—Louisiana is to hold a constitutional convention to disfranchise the negro.

—Seth Low's resignation as president of Columbia College will not be accepted.

—The work of the restoration of Independence Hall has been begun at Philadelphia.

—Colorado's gold output this year is \$22,000,000, making it the first gold state in the country.

—The revenue cutter Bear may not be able to reach the imprisoned whalers until next August.

—The farmers' supplies of wheat is being rapidly exhausted, and an advance in price is expected next month.

—Joseph E. Kelley has been found guilty of murder at Dover, N. H., and sentenced to thirty years in the State prison.

—New York is to have a bronze group of Washington and Lafayette designed by Bartholdi; Macmonnies' design for soldiers' and sailors' monument accepted.

—Among the events of interest during the year in Boston, there will be a Sunday evening meeting in the Old South Church, December 5, in the interest of negro education as carried on at the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. The principal, Booker T. Washington, and other prominent persons will deliver addresses.

—The Trolley and the Farmer.

Some of the farmers at Reno, Nevada have rigged up a trolley wagon which takes its power from overhead wires and makes fifteen miles an hour over common roads carrying a load of 1500 pounds. The feed wire is fixed on a reel which pays out or winds up the wire as required. If the drivers wish to turn out for passing teams or to enter somebody's yard from the road, the trolley wagon idea gets its first development in the district where there is cheap water power to supply the electric current at little cost. The expense of putting up the wires is said to be light. There appears no reason why the trolley idea may not be improved and developed to become a useful aid to the farmer for personal transportation and especially for carrying produce.

Country Real Estate.

John P. Danon has sold his farm of one hundred acres in North Hanson to George H. Dupee. The price paid was \$30 an acre.

H. A. Vickery of Arlington has purchased a thirty-eight-acre village farm in Man-field, with nearly new buildings, formerly owned by C. H. Randall. It is his intention to start an extensive plant for raising early vegetables for the market.

Freeman W. Heald has sold his farm in Hopkinton, formerly used by him as a summer residence, to C. H. Hunter of Natick. The property consists of sixty-seven acres, with ordinary farm buildings. All the personal property was included in the sale.

OF INTEREST TO HORSEMEN.

Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses that have been used steadily, either on the farm or for road work, quite probably have some strains where by lameness, or enlargements, have been caused, or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Castile Balm applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit, and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, is absolutely a safe remedy for any one to use and does its work well, and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course, it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balm if they were reminded of it, and this article is, given as a reminder.

FIVE SERIAL STORIES.

Five serial stories are announced for publication in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION during 1898. They are "The Freshman," a romance of college life, by Jesse L. Williams; "The Gold Fields of the Yukon," a story of placer-mining in Alaska, by Irving Andrews; "Frieda Fairfax, Writer," the story of a girl who wanted to do newspaper work, by Margaret Tracy; "The Story of a Bee Farm

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LEAVES AT PLAY.

Come and watch the merry little leaves at play; Jolly times they're having this November day. Down they gently flutter like the flakes of snow, Chasing one another, flying to and fro. Don't tell me they're only driven by the wind, I'm sure they're doing just as they've a mind. See those two go racing swiftly down the street; Red's ahead, now yellow, which, think you, will beat?

Some have gone in swimming down in yonder brook, See that host of bathers diving in the brook. There a crowd has gathered in an eager talk; Now they're widely scattered all along the walk.

So they gaily frolic through the sunny hours, Careless of the winter with its ice showers; But the cold is coming and the snow drifts deep; When their play-time's over, quietly they'll sleep.

—Selected.

THE NEW BOY'S INITIATION.

Some twenty boys were sitting about the big study in dormitory C of Cascade school, where, according to the school catalogue, young men enjoyed the combined advantages of "quiet home life and military discipline." Neither the quiet nor the discipline was much in evidence at this exact moment; but a certain amount of liberty is allowed on the first night of the term.

Stubby Fields, a short boy, with red hair and a roughish face, was the first who received anything like general attention when he asked:

"Any new boys, Bob?"

"Only one," said Bob, who was gradually and with much dignity releasing the information he had picked up by coming back a week earlier than the others.

"Oh, a very decent chap, I guess. Quiet and offish, and doesn't look very strong."

"Then, I suppose we'd better go easy with him at the start. We don't want to scare the poor thing to death. Besides, we don't know the new monitor, and he might be shocked if we were rude. Suppose we give the new boy the first degree tonight. That will be only another way of leaving our cartes de visites, as Papa Jones said we ought to do whenever a new boy came. Is he in now?"

"No, said Bob, and he won't be back until late, for he was excused to go down the lake."

"It's well, then; the coast is clear. Disperse, ye conspirators, and return with due speed."

The twenty-five boys filed out of the study, and a few minutes later twenty-five silent forms crept into the new boy's room, each bearing in his hands a small alarm clock. A few minutes more, and every spot of the new boy's room big enough to hide anything in contained one of the nerve-racking little things, wound up to "the sticking point," as Stubby said, and warranted to ring for five minutes. They were in the new boy's boot closet, under the mattress on his bed, behind his bookcase, and in other places where they could be heard and not seen.

Jimmy Clark was very tired when he climbed the stairs to his room, after his long row on the lake. He was a bit homesick, too, for he had seen the older boys greeting each other earlier in the day, and the thought that he knew no one made him very lonely.

"But they are nice-looking fellows, and I'll soon get acquainted with them," thought Jimmy hopefully, as he fell asleep.

It was midnight, and the house was perfectly quiet except for one or two audible snores from the upper landing, when Jimmy was awakened by a persistent "ting-a-ling," that seemed to come from the depths of his closet.

"I wonder what the man sets his clock off at this hour for?" thought Jimmy, believing that the noise came from his neighbor's room. "I hope to goodness it isn't morning."

He was just dozing off again when he heard another and much louder ting-a-ling that seemed to come from right under him, and fairly lifted him out of his bed. He sat for a few minutes thinking, and then he started an investigation. Jimmy overhauled every corner of his room, and the result of half an hour's hard work was an array of twenty-five alarm clocks standing in the middle of the floor. Jimmy looked at them thoughtfully for a few minutes, then he cautiously opened the door and looked out. There was still no sound but the subdued snoring from upstairs. The new boy went back and carefully wound all the clocks again.

"Let's see. If I set them a minute apart they'll last for half an hour," he said. Soon afterward a white-robed figure had been seen making frequent trips up and down the stair staircase. It was not seen for the very good reason that everybody else in Dormitory C had his eyes tightly closed, but the result of the work was a line of twenty-five alarm clocks close together, just outside the senior monitor's door, all set to "go off" between 6 and 5:30 o'clock.

The senior monitor was a nervous, funny young man. He had been much worried as to what he should do with the boys to stop them from playing tricks on each other. He had not believed it possible that they would outrage his dignity by putting up a practical joke on him. It was, therefore, with some astonishment that the monitor was awakened early in the morning by what was unmistakably an alarm clock just outside of his door. In a moment it was joined by another, and then another, until there was a rattle like the explosion of a pack of giant firecrackers and an uproar that resounded through the house.

The monitor rushed to the door and seized one of the choruses of alarms. Immediately another started in, and the monitor's hair rose in frenzy at the sound. He danced about in the hall way unmindful of the spectacle he presented in his night attire, and finally, in desperation, he seized the large rug from the floor, and throwing it up and down the rattling clocks, jumped up and down on it until the last one was silenced. Then he retired to his room, unconsciously aware of stifled giggling from the upper building. And through it all Jimmy Clark slept peacefully.

Before breakfast the porter went through the house and announced that the alarms were missing from all the

rooms except that of the new boy. At chapel the monitor was again dignified and severe.

"I regret, young gentlemen," said he, "that you have seen fit to begin the term with an over-breach of discipline. I must say, too, that the childish trick of which you were guilty does as little credit to your intelligence as it does to your good taste, if you thought that its authors would not be discovered. You will all, with the exception of James Clark, spend the usual recreation hour before dinner at extra drill for the next two weeks."

The boys looked at Jimmy with something like admiration as they marched out of the room; but his face was as unruffled as ever, and they said nothing, for they knew that the tables had been turned on them so neatly that there was nothing for them to do but to submit quietly to their punishment.

Every afternoon for the next two weeks as the twenty-five culprits of Dormitory C lined up for their extra hour of drill Jimmy Clark strolled past them on his way to the football field; and as he walked along he whistled, half unconsciously, the air of a negro song that he had heard in some music hall, the words of which were:

Oh, I don't know—
You are not so warm.
There's other folks
As warm as you.

But at the end of it all the boys voted Jimmy a good fellow and took him into their fraternity.—Robert Earl in Inter Ocean.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

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Mothers with growing girls who take lessons in painting or who are a help in the kitchen when at home will realize the necessity for just such a protective garment. Fancy plaid gingham is used in this instance, the only decoration being a narrow edging of wash lace frilled around the turn-over collar. Under-arm and shoulder seams join the fronts and backs which fit smoothly across the top and close with buttons and button-holes to a desirable depth in centre-back. Convenient patch pockets, with pointed overlaps, are stitched on fronts, and the neck is finished with a neat rolling collar. The pattern provides for a low pointed, square, or round-shaped neck by indicating perforations. To finish



7191—Misses' Work or Artists' Apron.

In this way use a bias facing about one inch wide and trim the edge with narrow lace or embroidery. The modified bishop sleeves are gathered at upper and lower edges, the band at the wrists being large enough to easily slip the band through. If wanted lighter than this do not seam but close with buttons and button-holes. Aprons in this style can be made of alpaca, satteen, cambric, percale, seersucker and other wash fabrics; dark colors usually having the preference. To make this apron for a girl of fourteen years will require four yards of thirty-six-inch material. The pattern, No. 7191, is cut in sizes for girls of ten, twelve and fourteen and sixteen years. With coupon, ten cents.

The popularity of the shirt waist seems never to wane. This season heavy more antique, Irish poplins and a whole line of handsome silks have been added to the list of available materials. The waist shown in the illustration is simple yet well suited to the richer materials. The model is made of taffeta in Roman stripes and is worn with a linen collar and butterfly tie of the material after the latest mode. The fronts are laid in fine tucks at the shoulder, with the fullness drawn into the belt at the waist line. An applied plait is laid down the right edge, which laps over onto the left, the closing being effected by studs passed through but-

holes worked for the purpose. The back shows the double pointed yoke laid in plaits at the centre and drawn down to the belt. The fitting is effected by shoulder seams and under-arm gore, which latter renders the waist extremely trim and stylish. The sleeves are one-seamed, but small in accordance



7198—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist.

with the present style, and are furnished with straight cuffs of the silk. To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require four and one-fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material. The pattern, No. 7198, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. With coupon, ten cents.

Poor, indeed, are the homes that have no memories of family Thanksgiving gatherings, with the home circle gathered around the festive board, from grandmother and grandfather, down to the youngest grandchild, set in the midst of the hosts of uncles and cousins and aunts. It seems to a true New Englander that there can be no real old-time celebration of this festival outside of New England and no place like the farm home for the gathering. In my own childhood memories of the day, I find that those which stand out red letter days were the ones passed at the dear old farm on the hill top, where the grandfather and grandmother passed nearly all of their happy married life and where all but one of the children first saw the light and grew to happy and useful manhood and womanhood. The Thanksgiving gatherings at the homes of the other members of the family circle were happy ones, for there was no break in the growing circle of relatives for a long time, but still there lacked just the flavor of the homestead Thanksgiving. Being so rich in memories myself, I can but feel sorry for the grandchildren who are now growing up without them.

It is essentially a home day and the pleasures of the day should be such as will emphasize that feature. Let the children have their memories of the day associated with home and family instead of outside pleasures. Such memories as these are the ones which are enduring and give the greatest pleasure in later years.

Every housekeeper has her regular Thanksgiving menu of which the turkey is the chief feature. The one given below may offer suggestions to those who would like a change.

Crisp Crackers Oyster Soup Celery
Mashed Potatoes Roast Turkey Olives
Cranberry Jelly Chicken Pie Squash
Thanksgiving Pudding
Mince, Apple and Squash Pies
Fruit and Bonbons
Assorted Nuts and Raisins
Black Coffee Cheese

The oyster soup is particularly appropriate to begin the dinner, and if this is too hearty, clam bouillon may be substituted. The following recipe from the Boston Cooking School Cook Book is a good one.

Oyster Soup.—One quart of oysters, four cups milk, one slice onion, two stalks celery, two blades mace, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bay leaf, one third cup butter, one third cup of flour and pepper and salt to taste are the materials necessary. Clean and pick over the oysters; reserve the liquor, and the oysters slightly chopped and heat slowly to the boiling point. Strain through cheese cloth, reheat liquor and thicken with butter and flour cooked together. Scald the milk with the onion, celery, mace, parsley and bay leaf; remove seasonings and add to oyster liquor. Season with salt and pepper and serve at once.

Clam bouillon is easy to make if the fresh clams can be procured. A half peck of clams should be very carefully cleaned, the shells scrubbed and the water changed several times in washing. They should then be put into a kettle with three cups of cold water, covered tightly, and steamed until the shells are wide open. The liquor is then poured off, strained, cooled and cleared. Clam bouillon can be purchased in cans at a small expense when the fresh clams are not to be had, or when it is desired to save time and trouble at this busy season.

Directions for roasting the Thanksgiving turkey are given in our report of the excellent lesson given at the Cooking School last Wednesday by Miss Farmer. Although Thanksgiving Day is not a day for experiments, yet some of the younger housekeepers, at least, may like to vary the stuffing for the turkey, or as some over-particular people call it, the dressing. The recipes given below will provide sufficient variety for any taste.

Vegetable Dressing.—Chop cabbage and onions, sauteing the onions first, potatoes and a small quantity of squash. Season with red pepper, salt and good bit of parsley—mix all with cream, making a soft pudding of it.

Put inside the turkey. On account of the softness of the dressing take care in trussing the turkey.

Celery Dressing.—Chopped potatoes and celery in equal quantities and season with salt and pepper.

Oyster Dressing.—Take a loaf of stale bread, cut off the crust and soften by placing it in a pan, pouring on boiling water, draining off immediately and covering closely. Crumble the bread fine and add half a pound of butter or more, if to be very rich, and a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, or enough to season rather highly; drain off liquor from a quart of oysters, bring to a boil, skim and pour over the bread crumbs, adding the soaked crusts and one or two eggs; mix all thoroughly with the hands, and if rather dry moisten with a little sweet milk; lastly add the oysters, being careful not to break them; or first put in the turkey a spoonful of stuffing and then three or four oysters, and so on until the turkey is filled. Stuff the breast first.

English Dressing.—Use bread and crumbs, rubbed fine, moistened with butter and two eggs, seasoned with salt and pepper, parsley, sage, thyme or sweet marjoram.

Chestnut Dressing.—Chop up ten ounces of veal, sixteen ounces of fat pork—both to be chopped separately, then mixed together, season with salt and pepper, adding giblets (cooked) and chopped—put this into a mortar with a gill of stock, mix well. Cook for fifteen minutes. Let cool and stir in sixty cooked chestnuts mashed and sifted. Stuff.

This is the way a hotel chef cooks roast turkey, and his turkeys have a flavor for which they are famous. The bird is cleaned with as little handling as possible, and rinsed with water in which a little baking soda has been dissolved. A half pint of bread crumbs are used for the stuffing and two links of pork sausage are chopped and added, with just enough hot water to moisten it slightly. The turkey is stuffed with this mixture, and just before it is put into the oven, thin slices of salt pork are bound over its breast.

The English plum pudding is a feature of the Christmas season but Thanksgiving has its plum pudding which can be given to children with less likelihood of harm resulting. Here is a good recipe:

Puritan Plum Pudding.—Roll six soda crackers fine and let stand in three pints of milk. Cream one cupful of sugar and one-quarter cupful of butter, add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of mixed spice and six well beaten eggs. Stir all into the crackers and milk, add raisins, and bake in a deep pudding dish, that has been well greased with butter. Bake slowly in a moderate oven for three hours. Stir several times during the first hour to prevent the raisins from settling to the bottom. This may be served either hot or cold with a simple sauce.

Two meals on Thanksgiving Day are generally all that the older guests care for, breakfast and a late dinner, but the children seem able to dispose of a lunch or two between times. Cookies are convenient for this, and this recipe for cream cookies produces results that are well worthy of the Thanksgiving season.

Cream Cookies.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of water and add to a cupful of sour cream. Beat one egg until very light, add two cupfuls of sugar, the cream and a pinch of salt. Take six cupfuls of sifted flour; reserve a small part of the flour, and add the remainder to the liquid mixture; last add a half a grated nutmeg, or some cinnamon, or a tablespoonful of curaway seeds. Or the dough may be divided into three parts and each spiced differently.

Sprinkle the board with some of the flour reserved and roll out a small piece to the thickness of one-third inch. Cut into cakes, and let them be in fanciful shapes for Thanksgiving Day, lay them on a greased tin and bake in a quick oven. Continue to roll and cut the dough until all is used. If no more flour is used than given in the recipe, and a quick oven is used, these will be very delicate. They may be frosted with colored or white frostings, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg, or cocoanut sprinkled over them. Or they may be cut to represent dominoes, using the white icing and making the dividing lines and dots of melted chocolate.

Directions for carving the turkey are sometimes helpful to the novice, but it requires considerable practice in private before one is brave enough to

The Ambitious Wife

The ambitious wife always wants to please her husband and family with good food—but it is no task if she uses

Gold Medal Flour

It never fails in bread, pies, pastries, etc. Always white and well flavored and a barrel goes further than any other kind. Your grocer keeps it.

venture upon the operation before an expectant and attentive table. The bird looks innocent enough but develops considerable agility and a determination to "hang together" worthy of a better cause, when the unfortunate carver begins. A very sharp knife is the most important thing, next to the turkey, and the expert carver shaves off the meat in the thinnest of slices. Here is the method of procedure which should be learned by heart.

1. Insert the carving-fork across the middle of the breast-bone.
2. Cut through the skin between the breast and the thigh.
3. Bend the leg over, and cut off close to the body and through the joint.
4. Cut through the top of the shoulder down through the wing-joint.
5. Shave off the breast in thin slices, slanting from the front of the breast-bone down toward the wing-joint.
6. Carve only from the side nearest you.
7. Tip the bird over slightly, and with the point of the knife remove the oyster and the small dark portion found on the side-bone.
8. Then remove the fork from the crumbs and divide the leg and wing.
9. Cut through the skin between the body and breast and with a spoon remove a portion of the stuffing.
10. Serve light or dark meat and stuffing, as preferred.

Here are some games for the little children after Thanksgiving dinner is over:

To play "Fly Away, Sparrow," all must gather around a table, and each must place a finger on the table. When the leader of the game says, "Fly away, sparrow," or any other creature that flies, each player must raise the finger placed on the table. If anything that does not fly is mentioned, and any player raises his or her finger, a forfeit must be given; and also if he fails to raise it after the name of a bird or insect that flies.

Blind Man's Wand.—In the game of "Blind Man's Wand" the blind man carries a cane, with which he reaches out in all directions. Who ever it touches is bound, by the rules of the game, to take hold of it, and repeat whatever the blind man orders. The one who is caught can disguise his voice as he pleases, and if he cannot discover the person touched by his voice, he must try another. If he guesses correctly then the one caught must take his place.

Hunt the Ring.—To play "Hunt the Ring" all but one stand in a circle. A ring is slipped on a cord, the ends of which are tied together. Each child must then hold her hands tightly over the cord, and pass the ring around. One child stands in the centre and blinds her eyes, until the ring has commenced passing along, and all say "Ready." The child in the centre tries to find the ring. The one under whose hand she finds the ring, must take her place in the centre of the circle.

Some people, like the earth, have to be broken up before they become useful. The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

The Funniest Book of the Century

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(FORMERLY LADIES' HOME COMPANION.)
This popular ladies' journal, now in its twenty-fourth year, is as readable and attractive as the best writers and artists can make it. It is an unrivaled high-class magazine of general and home literature, profusely illustrated with exquisite drawings.

The Woman's Home Companion has no equal in the excellence of its special departments devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Housekeeping, Floriculture, Talks with Girls, Mothers' Chat, Home Adornment, Children, etc. Of the noted writers who will contribute their best work to the columns of the Companion during the coming year we have space to name only a few: Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Josiah Allen's Wife, Ople Read, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Laguerre, Ezekiel Butterworth, and many others. The Companion gives 24 to 32 pages, size 11 by 16 inches, each issue, printed on fine paper and put into a handsomely illustrated cover. Specimen copy free upon request.

To Boom Circulation We Make the Following Liberal Clubbing Offer:

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA, Agents sold them for \$2.50 each, but say \$1.00 each. THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN (Weekly) One Year, 2.00 WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION One Year, Better than Journals costing 1.00 Total in Value, \$4.00	AS A SPECIAL OFFER, WE WILL SEND All 3 for \$2.60 NEVER WAS SO MUCH GIVEN FOR SO LITTLE MONEY.
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WHAT MAN DOES NOT LOVE BEAUTY?

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness.
A Letter From a Young Wife.

Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes.

What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who is about to be married—"Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers." Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are failing, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity.

Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's.

Following we publish a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her "suffering sisters," and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

To my Suffering Sisters—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence. She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver pills, and using one-half package of Sative wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had some experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. R., 113 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

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We will send the MASS. PLOUGHMAN and the EVAPORATOR for

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"I would tear a man lim' from lim' if I see him a tryin' to flirt with you."

OUR

AN INDIAN

What visionary thing! When falling love air, Or nuptial clasp and how shimmer the As with her nectar! The bowl between it And smiles and tremulous hair

No more the landsea Making me poorer But mingles with my My own projected In her own reverie 'Tis she that waves to Moving—she is a tree.

How fine and mix, Clashed by the fall Each outwrench the The softened season Those hills my native In waves of dream And floating in misting fairs.

A LESSON

Miss Faith said ship, as usual, was a piece of art, and upon the was very gentle her look of com and noted its eff vastly out of pr Miss Faith was pathetic beauty h wreck of years, as silver than brown, and her lost their vigi gained a kindly ness had even chiding in her but thing to that us object that her thinking response affectionately ove of a pineapple, a repeating itself, again, fell in seal most done," and back to the oak li

A change in chief diversion on as monoton the tune of the played upon ant, the coming may be a great v understand how taking infinite p things may get i interest and nov pattern of croche the work appea and Faith laid it This table was her art, nor was presence of any There were row drawn up in line receive an atta sizes lying like and various roll product of their garded them wit hand that had la away from the she sat idle, wat shadows the lam carpet, and list Mary, her great ing as a part of t

"It's a kind through with the Faith regretfuly formance to see can do before on but her face did learned resigna rendered to Mary rest of the house had served so do years, that she m to while away h noent fashion."

She wandered dully at the blaz had come to mea could not think half-remember, a the thread of m it and feel to resting on the tal palm. She could that a certain fe ever really happ belonged to some wilfully into her home for them in anything they b They had gone so and she was ha harmless way, t reach of storm a looking vaguely, fire when her doo one had enterd t rying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," lous voice, "I've help me. Mother like this once, an forget, and I thou show me the way. Faith looked d figure crouched h her hand gently t but she did not suffering.

"What is it, G doesn't care for t taking Jennie Th can't bear it. Mo had to bear such ways been happy, you. You could looking up appea teach me to forget."

"Yes," said Fai "Then it came b little story, and of the first hearta ing to forget.

"Poor little gi atroking the beaut hair.

"How was it Let me think. Ye Wait a minute, de Faith slipped a returned, bringing broad crocheted lac "Can you croche "Not very much derling."

"Well, I will tea way I learned to slips in and out, a firelight shine on is and is so pretty, an When I began I co

OUR HOMES.

AN INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE.

What visionary that the year past on
When falling leaves fall through motionless
air,
Or nimbly cling and shiver to be gone.
How shimmer the low hills and pasture bars,
As with their hazy blue autumn hills,
The bowl between the two distant hills
And smiles and shakes about her misty,
tremulous hair.

No more the landscape holds its wealth apart,
Making me poorer in my poverty;
My mingled with my senses and my heart;
My own projected spirit seems to me
In her own reverie the world to sleep;
The sea that waves to sympathetic sleep,
Moving as it moves, each field and hill
And tree.

How fume and mix, with what unfelt degree,
Clasped by the faint horizon's languid arms,
Each unto each the hazy distances;
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills my native village that employ
In waves of dreamy purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmer-
ing farms.

—Lowell.

A LESSON IN FORGETTING.

Miss Faith sat in close companion-
ship, as usual, with her familiar spirit
—a piece of crocheted edging. Her
touch upon the mazes of tangled thread
was very gentle, even endearing, and
her look of content, as she held it up
and noted its effect as a whole, seemed
to her own projection of the case.
Miss Faith was still pretty, with the
pathetic beauty held as from a storm
of the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier
as silver than it had ever been as
brown, and her eyes, though they had
lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had
gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenden-
cies had even extended to the croch-
eting in her hand, and imparted some-
thing to that usually very impersonal
object that her fancy had fretted into
thinking response. She passed her hand
affectionately over it now, as the figure
of a pineapple, much conventionalized,
repeating itself in the floor. "It's
most done," she thought, "I can go
back to the oak leaf pretty soon."

A change in crocheted pattern was
the chief event of Faith's life, that ran
on as monotonously to the observer as
the tune of the famous harper, who
played upon only one string. To an
ant, the coming of a stick or a stone
may be a great event. It is not hard to
understand how a life that consists in
taking infinite pains with many little
things may get its sips of excitement,
interest and novelty from a change in
pattern of crocheting. The examination of
the work appeared to be satisfactory,
and Faith laid it on the table at her side.
This table was devoted to the uses of
her art, nor was ever profaned by the
presence of any irrelevant substance.
There were rows of spools upon it,
drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to
receive an attack, hooks of various
sizes lying like weapons by their side,
and various rolls of lace, the finished
product of Faith's hand. Faith re-
garded them with approval, but her
hand that had lain upon the table felt
away from the accustomed task, and
she sat idle, watching the red coil, the
shadows the lamplight threw upon the
carpet, and listening to the clatter that
Mary, her maid-of-all-work, was mak-
ing as a part of the dish-washing.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes
through with those," thought Faith,
regretfully, a slight-of-hand per-
formance to see how many tricks she
can do before one of them will break,"
but her face did not cloud, for she had
learned resignation. She had sur-
rendered to Mary the dishes and all the
rest of the household divinities that she
had served so deftly and carefully for
years, that she might be more at leisure
to white away her time in her own in-
nocent fashion.

She wandered, as she sat staring
dully at the blaze, how the crocheting
had come to mean so much to her, and
could not think for the instant; then
half-remembered, saddened a little, lost
the thread of memory again, recovered
it and fell to musing, her elbow
resting on the table, her cheek in her
palm. She could hardly believe, now,
that a certain few years of her life had
ever really happened. They must have
belonged to some other and wandered
willfully into her own, for there was no
home for them in hers, nor likeness unto
anything they brought. Was it so?
They had gone so utterly, so completely,
and she was happy now in her own
harmless way, far inland, out of all
reach of storm and reef.

Faith looked vaguely, half-faithfully,
at the fire when her door-bell rang and
some one had entered the room and was hur-
rying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremu-
lous voice, "I've come to ask you to
help me. Mother said you had suffered
like this once, and you had learned to
forget, and I thought perhaps you could
show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight
figure crouched there sobbing, and laid
her hand gently upon the brown head,
but she did not understand about the
suffering.

"What is it, Grace?" she asked.
"Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He
doesn't care for me any more. He's
taking Jennie Thompson now, and I
can't bear it. Mother said other women
had to bear such things, and build up re-
solutions. You could help me," she said,
looking up appealingly. "You could teach
me to forget."

"Yes," said Faith, slowly.
Then it came back to her, all her own
little story, and a dim, broken memory
of the first heartache and her own long-
ing to forget.

"Poor little girl!" whispered Faith
stroking the beautiful mass of tangled
hair.

"How was it I learned to forget?"
Let me think. Yes, I remember now.
Wait a minute, dear, I will show you."
Faith stepped out of the room and soon
returned, bringing three rolls of very
brown crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?"
"Not very much," said Grace, won-
deringly.

"Well, I will teach you. This is
the way I learned to forget. The needle
slips in and out, and the sunlight and
faint light shine on it, and the lace grows
and is so pretty, and it brings comfort.
When I began I couldn't see the needle

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the
tears. That was when I knew he
would never come again, and I had my
wedding dress all ready—it's grown
yellow in a chest in the garret. But,
after while the lace took up my trouble,
don't you know, till it was gone, and I
couldn't tell you today where it is. So
I'll teach you, dear. Those are the
three rolls I did in three years, one for
each. They're yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out.
It was an intricate pattern, very broad.
"It's hard to do," she said, "but that is
all the better for the forgetting. If I
been a man I should have gone away to
Africa. I've often thought it would be
a good deal toward making a body forget
to see the sun falling down like a ball,
the dark come as if somebody had blown
out the light; but I couldn't very well;
so I learned to crochet. I never gave
the lace away, you see, because I had
worked my trouble into it and I was
afraid. I thought a long time about it
when Alice was married; but I was
afraid I should someday make her sad
when she wore it. It's all here.
This is the first year's—you see I've
numbered it one,—and this is the second's
and this the third's—there's the
three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over,
lost for a minute in the associations
which they revived. Her niece seemed
to have forgotten her own grief for the
time, and was chasing her aunt
onward as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith.
"It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for
a time, something out of the creases of
the lace and drawing it out to its
length. It seemed to have the effect of
an enchanter's wand, for it summoned
old faces and scenes as will, and Faith
grew blind to the little room and the
needs of her guest. At last Grace
moved impatiently.

"Yes," said Faith, like one awak-
ing. "To forget. This is the old pattern. I will teach
you."

She bustled about, finding thread and
needle, seated herself at Grace's side,
drew the thread through her fingers
and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute.
"Do you see how it's done? It isn't
hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly.
"Do you think I could forget so,
Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.
"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and
made one or two awkward motions
with the needle, when there came a
ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, spring-
ing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover,
standing awkwardly by the door, after
Aunt Faith had admitted him and had
retreated toward her chair. There was
shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him
without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other
time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then
seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression
as if she hardly understood this new
development of affairs, she ran back
and kissed her. Grace's face bore no
trace of sadness as she turned to Phil
and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall
on the crust had died away; then carefully
rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought
Faith, "but I'm not so sure. Her heart
is unquietly at rest; but a croch-
et needle," as she said her hand ap-
provingly upon those on the table, "is
always the same."—Springfield Republic.

Unselfishness.

If one would lead an unselfish life,
let him try to be observing. A thor-
oughly selfish person can never be pro-
foundly observing for it will never seem
wisdom to him to desert himself long
enough to be thoroughly at the service
of anything which might impress him.
With an eye open for his own reputation
and what may come to him, just when
all his sight is needed if the finest
fact or thought is to be understood, he
is sure to lose both fact and fame to-
gether. This is an altar world, and
sooner or later everybody finds it out.

Every fine course ends in an altar some-
where, every fine soul has come to one.
Be sure you will never do anything
finely or with authority until you have
given to it that last touch of thought
which we usually give only to ourselves.
As there is a certain space in the lungs
from which we seldom breathe, so there
remains in us all a certain depth of self
which we for the most part never sur-
render.

As perfect song and speech
issues from the throat, so perfect art of
any kind waits upon some deep sur-
render of that within us which we most
truly and inseparably represent our-
selves.—Sunday School Times.

The world is a looking-glass, and
gives back to every man the reflection of
his own face. Frown at it and it will
in turn frown upon you; laugh at
it and it will, and it is a jolly, kind
companion, and so let all young persons
take their choice.—Thackeray.

We cannot overstate our debt to the
past; but the moment has the supreme
claim. The past is for us; but the sole
terms on which it can become ours are
its subordination to the present.—Emerson.

At this Hiram sullenly withdrew to

HUSKING.

The yellow suns of autumn fall
Across the orchard and the wood;
The still air echoes every call,
The vine leaves painted on the wall,
And all the maple drip with blood.

The neighbors come from far and near,
And gather on the broad barn door
To celebrate the ripened year,
And strip the husk from off the ear,
That turns to gold the farmer's store.

The year grows rich as it grows old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
—By Julia C. R. Dorr.

MRS. HOPKINS' BARRICADE.

When the widow Harding married
Hiram Hopkins she knew she was doing
a foolish thing. She possessed a
nest little home, surrounded by fertile
acres, but he had nothing besides a pen-
sion of eighteen dollars a quarter and
the reputation of being the laziest man
in the township.

But the widow was lonely and Hiram
had "taking" ways with women folk
and she yielded to his solicitations. She
hoped that matrimony might cure him
of his idleness, but after the first few
weeks he settled down into his old
habits and the little place, instead of
improving, as Mrs. Hopkins hoped,
soon began to run down. For having
taken unto herself a husband, she did
not feel able to hire a man to do the
work, and as Hiram would not do it,
at the end of their second year of life to-
gether the once neat and pretty little
farm looked terribly neglected.

One warm spring morning, moved by
some particularly sharp remarks made
by his wife, Mr. Hopkins took his hoe
and proceeded to weed the garden,
which was overrun with weeds. He
soon lay down to rest, however, and
fell asleep a few moments before his
better half, touched by his seeming in-
dignity, brought a tempting lunch to
encourage him. When she saw him
sleeping peacefully, she needed a
little of the big pen and returned to the
house with her heart full of bitter rebel-
lion.

When Hiram at last awoke, dreading
his wife's displeasure at the non-per-
formance of his task, he secured his
fishing pole surreptitiously and dis-
appeared.

Mrs. Peters, an old friend of Mandy
Hopkins, was waiting for her when
she returned from the garden. Mrs.
Peters could have chosen no more un-
propitious time for the asking, after a
short chat.

"For mercy's sake, Mandy, what-
ever possessed you to marry Hiram
Hopkins?"

"Mrs. Hopkins' upper lip drew in omi-
nously as she answered stiffly,
"I was lonely and I needed a man
about an' Hiram—he loved me."

The other laughed dryly.

"Loved yer pretty, more like," she
remarked. "Folks say it's a born pity
he don't keep it up better'n what he
does. Look at them fences ready to
keel over! Whatever ails yer garden?"

"It's a righteous shame to look at.
Can't you?"

Without a word Mandy Hopkins rose
and marched out of the room with flam-
ing cheeks, and though the middle-aged
Mrs. Peters waited for ten minutes and
made a careful examination of the house
and cellar in hope of finding her, she
remained invisible, and the visitor de-
parted in high disgust.

Out in the back pasture lot, under a
great old apple tree, Mandy writhed
and sobbed in anguish of heart, un-
mindful of the fragrant pink petals that
fell around her and softly touched her
as if in pity for her pain. Between her
sobs she told herself that affairs had
come to such a crisis that in a few years
she would not have a roof to cover her
head. Besides this, as Mrs. Peters had
said, folks were talking, and that was
the last straw.

Having formulated a plan she checked
her tears and composing her counte-
nance resumed her work at the deserted
house. Toward the edge of evening Hiram,
carrying a good string of fish, slowly
entered the yard. He tried the kitchen
door and finding it locked, although
sounds could be heard within, he called
out—

"Mandy, I've fetched a mess of fish
for supper."

Receiving no answer he called
louder.

"Mandy, let me in. Here's some fish
to cook for supper."

His little sliding window in
the dining-room was pushed back cau-
tiously and Mrs. Hopkins' face ap-
peared.

"Hiram Hopkins," said she, sharply,
"I ain't goin' to let you in nor to cook
you nothin' till you promise me solemn
earnest to mend your ways an' take
care of this property as it should be."

There was such determination in her
voice that the luckless man knew every
word was meant. Shocked and amazed
at this unexpected disaster, he sat down
on a bench near the house to meditate.

Presently he rose, and going to the
window, said loudly—

"This ain't the way to treat your
lord an' master, Mandy, an' I don't
put up to stand it. 'Tain't the way to
treat me—your lawful husband, to
honor an' obey, as the parson put it
when he joined."

Again the window was pushed back
a crack and Mandy declared that 'she'd
honor an' obey him when he promised
to do his duty by her and the place and
give up his idle, lazy ways, and not
until then."

At this Hiram sullenly withdrew to

the bench and the window was once
more pushed into place.

Mandy hoped that Hiram would
promise and he hoped that she would
relinquish, and neither of them calculated
upon the other manifesting much firm-
ness. Their surprise was mutual when
ten o'clock found the situation un-
changed.

The night grew very chilly and Hiram
tried to rest, shivering, on the bench,
sometimes pacing up and down endeavor-
ing to get warm. His wife piled him
bed, fortified herself by saying that she
could not yield to an impulse of pity
now, for this was the contest of a life-
time.

At last the longest night she had ever
spent drew to a close, and at the first
approach of day she peered anxiously
out to see what had become of Hiram.
He was lying on the bench, and she
told herself scornfully that she need not
worry, as he was, as usual, taking it
easy.

However, as the early morning hours
dragged on and he did not rise, she be-
came alarmed and stole cautiously out
and touched him. He was breathing
very heavily and seemed to be in a stupor.
Still her touch aroused him and he
tried to sit up, but a spasm of pain
caught him and he fell back with a
groan.

Mandy saw that his clothes were wet
from wading in the river while fishing,
and having worn them all night he had
probably contracted pneumonia.

"If he dies I'm his murderer," she
cried distractedly, as she looked around
for help. The place was too far off the
road to make it possible to attract
passers-by, so Mandy rushed frantically
to the lean-to and returned with the
wheelbarrow. After some trouble she
managed to push Hiram's helpless figure
into the novel vehicle and slowly
wheeled him to the house.

Despite the solemnity of the affair, it
was a grotesque and laughable sight, for
Mr. Hopkins was tall and lank, so that
his legs dangled over the sides of the
barrow and shook limply at every
movement of the wheel.

At last the house was reached and the
door so lately barred against him was
opened to admit Hiram, now so strangely
still and pale.

Very gently Mandy rolled him off
the barrow on to the lounge and as she
did so he opened his eyes and whispered
faintly—

GEMS.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultiva-
tion; you do not find it among gross
people.—Samuel Johnson.

Labor is the ornament of the citizen;
the reward of toil is when you confer
blessings on others. His high dignity
confers honor on the king; be ours the
glory of our hands.—Schiller.

The labor of him who toils solely from
necessity is not honorable. That labor
alone has virtue in it which is the re-
sult of free choice and love of the work
done.—Instructor.

Look not mournfully into the past;
it cannot return. Wisely improve the
present; it is thine. Go forth to meet
the shadowy future without fear and
with a manly heart.

Gratitude consists adequately in these
two things: first, that it is a debt; and
second, that it is such a debt as is left
to every man's ingenuity, whether he
will pay or no.—South.

Not to know what happened before we
were born is always to remain a child;
to know, and blindly to adopt that
knowledge as an implicit rule of life,
is never to be a man.—Channing.

I protest against the unfair distribu-
tion of the world's work, which can only
be well done when every man and
woman is fitted to work, left free to
choose the field in which to work, and
condemned by public opinion if they
refuse to work.—Celia Burleigh.

If you have chosen to do the base act,
you are base; and baser and more de-
graded you become. If you obey, there
is no halt or hesitation in the reward.
The good thing that you have done,
that you are. From that moment you
are stronger, truer, more helpful, more
godlike.—Oscar McCulloch.

There is no doubt of the essential no-
bility of that man who pours into life
the honest vigor of his toil over those
who compose the feather foam of fash-
ion, who consider the insignia of honor
to consist in wealth and indolence, an
who, ignoring the family history, paint
coats-of-arms to cover up the leather
aprons of their grandfathers.—Chapin.

One man, when he has done a service
to another, is ready to set it down to
his account as a favor conferred; an-
other is not ready to do this; but still
in his own mind he thinks of the man as
his debtor, and he knows what he has
done. A third, in a manner, does not
even know what he has done; but he
is like a vine which has produced
grapes, and seeks for nothing more
after it has once produced its proper
fruit.—Marcus Antonius.

he Engaged Couple.

Engaged people, says Mrs. Sangster
in her new book, should be congenial
comrades. Do you know what com-
radeship means? What of work shared
and sorrows halved and joys multiplied
it implies? Why, think of it! Your
comrade takes the road with you, rests
awhile, rooms awhile, carries part of
the burden, earns the day's wages and
divides it when reckoning time comes,
just as you do with him or her.

Married people who are not comrades
fret each other as they go, wear on
each other, are incompatible in temper;
their lives are full of friction. It would
be well for engaged people who dis-
cover that they are not already com-
rades to pause while there is time, and
consider whether or not their disposi-
tions, qualities and pursuits will incline
them to comradeship when they are ir-
revocably wedded.

I plead for the short engagement.
Once you have decided to belong to
one another, do not put off marriage in-
definitely while you wait for a larger

salary, better prospects, more luxurious
probabilities. The lapse of a few weeks
or months is quite enough between the
"res" which plights the vow and the
sacramental day when the bride slips
her hand into her husband's, and both
solemnly promise to be loyal and lov-
ing "till death do us part."

Wherever it is possible, the sanction
of parents and guardians should follow
and dignify the betrothal. Love does
always find parental approval ready to
accept his entrance upon the scene;
fathers are not invariably ready to wel-
come the men who ask for their ideal-
ized daughters; mothers feel that their
very hearts are wounded when their
sons set their affections on some girl
from the house of the stranger. Young
people are slow to believe that the judi-
cious criticism of older friends may
have a *raison d'être*. Opposition pre-
cipitates avowals and stirs passionate
desires which else had been held in abey-
ance. Nevertheless, the son and the
daughter may well trust the love which
has been theirs since infancy, and par-
ents have a right to be consulted and re-
spectfully heard, even when they do not
arrive at the conclusions which to their
children seem the only ones possible to
fair and discriminating judgment.

Wait a little before deciding—do not
irrevocably pledge yourselves till you
have allowed time to convince you in the
dear parents are not in the right.
Love which is of the true, strong, eter-
nal sort will sooner or later win recog-
nition and prove its claims to be fair.

"Who Could Move It?"

The good people of the town of E.
were talking of moving their meeting-
house to a more agreeable locality.
Among the advocates of the movement
none were more earnest than old Dea-
con A., who, by the way, has an un-
controllable habit of sleeping in church.

The old deacon was sure to drop off
about such a time. On the Sabbath
preceding the day appointed for mov-
ing the house, the pastor preached an
interesting sermon on "The Rock of
Ages." Growing eloquent in his re-
marks, the minister finally added, with
great emphasis, "Who can move it?"

The deacon, having been asleep as
usual, woke up in time to catch the
query, and thinking the pastor referred
to the meeting-house, rose up in his
seat and exclaimed, "I'll bring over my
yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it
along the whole distance, if you'll keep
plenty of hard wood rolling under it."
The deacon never slept in meeting after
that.

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Buildings consist of a new house, 12 rooms,
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rooms, 12 bath, furnace, hot and cold water;
all buildings in good repair; new house, 12
rooms, 12 bath, furnace, hot and cold water;
stable, 12 stalls; cow house, 12 stalls; and
poultry house, 12 stalls; and 12 apple trees,
12 pear, 12 cherry, 12 plum, 12 peach, 12
strawberry, 12 raspberry, 12 currant, 12
blackberry, 12 gooseberry, 12 plum, 12
cherry, 12 plum, 12 peach, 12 strawberry,
12 raspberry, 12 currant, 12 blackberry,
12 gooseberry, 12 plum, 12 cherry, 12 plum,
12 peach, 12 strawberry, 12 raspberry, 12
currant, 12 blackberry, 12 gooseberry, 12
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